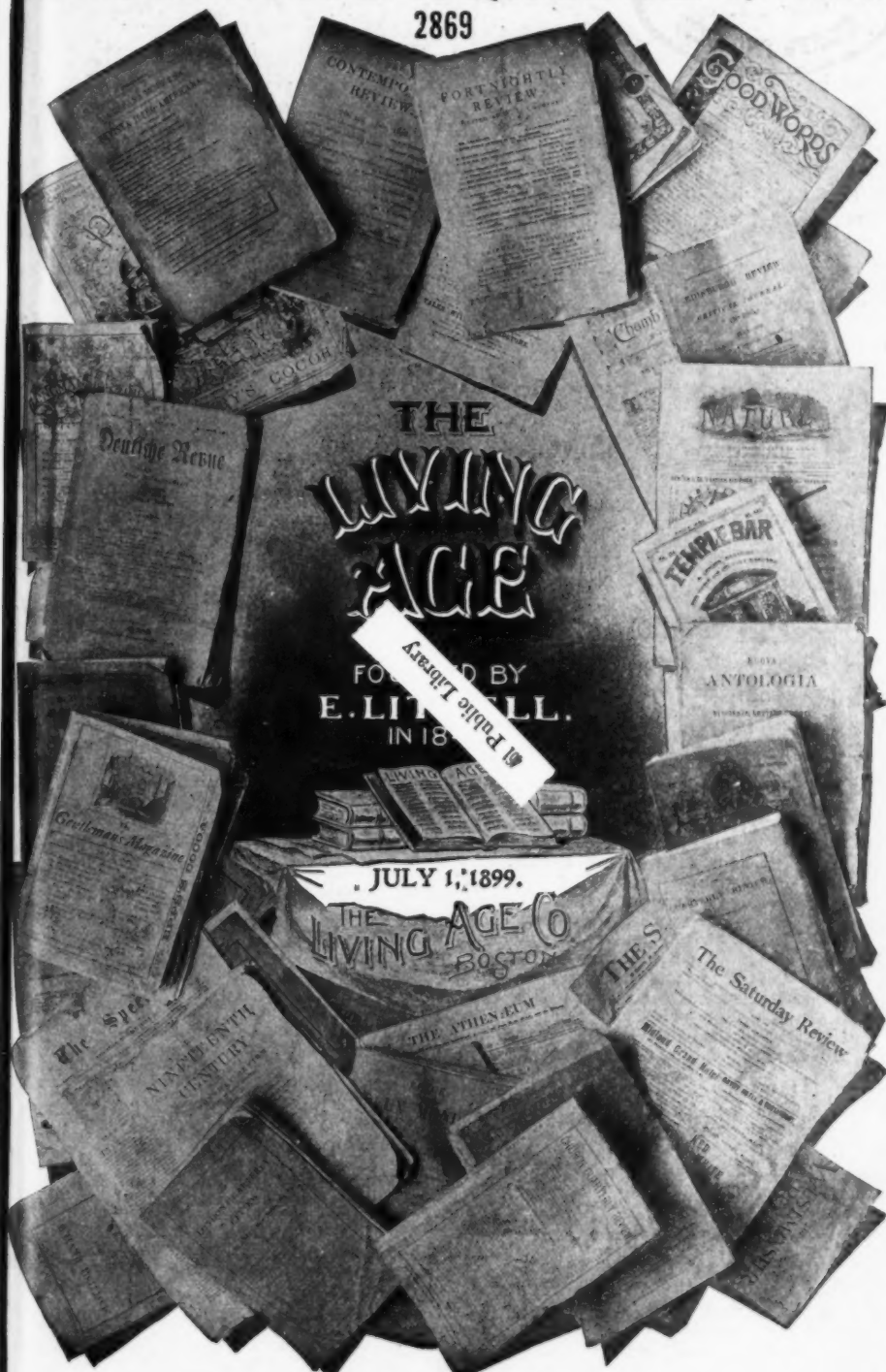


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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXII.

THE OLD HOUSE: A ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE ITALIAN OF "NEERA."

I.

The veil of fog in which the city had been closely muffled was beginning to yield to the power of a pallid November sun. Against a uniform background of mellow gray sky Milan stood forth in solid and tranquil beauty, her numerous chimneys appearing but as faintly darkened lines, while the sharper angles of roof, bell-tower and church-façade were all softened, suffused, and as it were, lulled into harmony by the general *morbidicca* of earth and sky.

That delicious transition-time of the year, when the heats are past and the cold has not yet come, made its influence felt in the universal aspect of recollection and repose; and the still, subdued light imparted a pleasing color to every object. In the busy heart of the town, indeed, the scale of gray tones was broken and varied by the movement of rapidly passing throngs and the gay display of wares in the shop windows; but in the more deserted quarters the scheme of neutral color prevailed on the long walls of gardens and convents and the straggling boughs of plane tree or chestnut, clothed with fading yellow foliage which here and there overtopped them.

Through one of the oldest streets of the old city a boy was passing with timid footsteps, and keeping always close to the wall. A mere child he seemed at first sight, but his thin limbs and outgrown garments, and the pallor and pathetic expression of a somewhat super-sensitive young countenance, made him look the more juvenile. There was in his aspect a sort of resigned melancholy, more dreamy than dolorous, organic rather than dependent upon outward circumstances, which harmonized curiously with his environment and with the pearly tints of the still misty sky.

He climbed the ascending street, looking out warily for whoever might be coming toward him, and now and then casting a hasty glance over his shoulder, as if to make sure that he was not followed. His gray jacket was too short for him, his delicate features were almost hidden by a frayed and shapeless hat, and he carried some books in a strap. Half way up the slope he stopped suddenly in an unconscious attitude, curiously expressive both of timidity and daring.

The gymnasium from which he had slipped away between two recitations was now far behind him, and no professor had as yet made his appearance

on the narrow street. An awful vision had frozen his blood for one instant, and he had slipped under a portico to avoid the oblique glance of a long, lean personage dressed in black; but a second look reassured him, and he re-emerged upon the street, saying to himself with conviction, "No, it's not he!"

A few steps further on he turned a corner, and found himself opposite the venerable church of Saint Ambrogio; and now he paused again, frightened no longer, but trembling with a new emotion which seemed to tighten his heart like a vise.

The old temple was dressed in mourning. A long strip of something black fluttered over the entrance to the atrium, and within, beyond the courtyard, other black draperies fringed with gold partially veiled the main portal of the church. He ought to have known that it would be so; he did know it, but the sudden sight of these visible tokens of mourning seemed to renew his own grief. That vague incredulity which always lingers in the mind after the first announcement of the death of a loved one, gave place to certitude before this piece of positive proof—the black banners fluttering over the house of God.

Pale with awe, the boy advanced slowly, gazing at the announcement posted upon the front of the church, eager and yet dreading to read it. The letters seemed to run together. He would not begin at the beginning but would rather have taken it in at one flash of intuition than be forced to decipher it word by word. Something burned under his lids like sparks of fire, but at last he rubbed his eyes clear, and read:

To
Gentile Lamberti;
A Soul of Fire;
A mind never clogged
By the burden of the flesh.
That the earth may lie light above him
In the last resting-place where he sleeps

In Hope
Is the prayer of his daughters.
Nov. 13th, 18...

The impression conveyed was less painful than the boy had feared. Along with the lump that rose in his throat, there came a sort of sublime consolation—a vague and visionary uplifting of the heart to the thought of immortality. The words, *A Soul of Fire*, evoked a natural and vivid image of what Gentile Lamberti had been, and gave a glimpse of the possibility of surviving oneself in an invisible world where souls are married with no outward rites, that they may people the earth with whatever lives above it in the light of thought. A life of loneliness and long inward discipline had prepared this youth to receive an august impression of the great mystery. The man who was to be buried to-day had been the brightest apparition in his own orphaned and colorless existence. He always felt when he came near him that here was a man unlike all others, and he longed in his heart to have been his son, or some near relative, so deep was the need which he experienced of communion with the ideas and sentiments which Lamberti expressed. Over and over again the super-sensitiveness of the child had been reproved, punished or derided by his masters and other superiors, but by Gentile Lamberti, never!

"Gentile Lamberti," he kept repeating, fascinated by the mere name which no longer belonged to any human form; which no longer corresponded to any ring of the human voice, or light of the human eye; a dead name, with no further significance in the world, a few syllables associated without sense or reason; nobody's name—nothing. "No," he exclaimed with a sudden and overpowering reaction of his own living will, "such a man as that does *not* die." He knew not whence came the faith which gave him

such courage in the midst of his distress, opening such a new spring within him of hitherto unknown energy, but he welcomed it as a refreshing draught and a healing dew.

He then entered the still empty church. The catafalque was erected before that old altar which has a gilt bas-relief on a background of bright, crude blue, and the old sacristan was still trotting about it, arranging the folds of the black drapery. A couple of benches also covered with black cloth flanked the altar upon either side, and tall candelabra were set up at the angles. Half unconsciously the boy observed these preparations, until a woman appeared from behind a pillar, to whom the sacristan said: "The funeral is at four;" and though the words were spoken in an undertone, their deep and sinister echo from the high vault of the temple made the boy start. He knew that fact also, of course, but it sounded almost brutal when thus stated by another.

Seating himself upon a bench not far from the catafalque, he gazed intently at it, taking in every slightest particular of color and form, straying from sensation to sensation and from thought to thought, in a way he had of lending the life of his own imagination to the visible objects around him. Going back, unconsciously in this way, from his grief to his love for the dead, and to the cause of both, he saw himself as he had been a few years before, when he first came to Milan from his remote province, without a tear shed for his departure nor a caress to welcome his arrival. An orphan brought up by the charity of rather distant relatives and too poor to be of any assistance to them, later transferred to the surly guardianship of another unknown relative, who treated him with great severity—the only person who ever gave him a really good and sustaining word was Gentile Lam-

berti. How could he ever forget him! He saw the hospitable house where he eventually came to pass almost all his leisure hours—an interior as much to his taste as the *ménage* of his own kindred was repugnant to it, and it was with deep emotion and melting tenderness that he dwelt upon the wise and fatherly indulgence of Lambert, and the countless times when his unquestionable authority had mitigated the punishments which he had incurred.

"The funeral isn't till four o'clock," whispered the sacristan, as he passed his dusting-cloth over the bench where the boy was sitting.

Blushing a little, as though he had been detected in a fault, the intruder rose, and began slowly to make the round of the other altars. The paintings were what specially attracted his attention, and when he discovered in the nave at the right of the high altar a little Jesus preaching to the doctors, he stopped before it for a long time, his brain teeming with visions.

Meanwhile the great church clock told off the hours, and now and then some person came in, exchanged a few subdued words with the sacristan, and went out again. The boy felt no impatience. He made a complete circuit of the altars, and then went out into the court-yard, and hung about the open atrium; attracted first by the massive sarcophagi, on whose stone covers he timidly laid a little nervous, trembling hand, and then by the fragments of fresco which appeared upon the walls; grotesque and mysterious figures, with their broken lines and sombre coloring. One of the sepulchres, as high as a man's head, was arranged to look as though it concealed the entire body of a saint, except the feet, and these detached feet impressed the boy as if they had been alive. Strangely enough they seemed to him real feet, and not images of feet; but he was subject to these violent and vivid illusions.

The Old House: A Romance.

A delicate female head, smeared rather than painted, struck him as exceedingly sweet. She seemed by her attitude and the gentle droop of her shoulder to be straining a baby to her breast. He contemplated this painting steadfastly for a long time, while there awoke in his breast a perfect tumult of confused and dreamy desires, till the thought of Gentile Lamberti recurred again to make him sad. He remembered one evening not long before, when he had been sighing over the hard grammar lesson, which the inflexibility of his teacher made peculiarly odious to him. Dried-up old Signor Pompeo had rolled his eyes, and predicted the horrible consequences of the pupil's negligence, observing that no good was likely to come of one who lacked intelligence, will and memory, merely! "It seems to me," remarked Gentile Lamberti, "that you overlook one quality without which no fine development is possible. This child has *feeling*."

"Oh, indeed!" was the contemptuous rejoinder of Signor Pompeo; "and what sort of a profession will his feelings fit him for?" And after a short silence—"Why should he not be a poet?" said Gentile Lamberti.

This fragment of a conversation came back among the boy's other recollections, and, with a thrill of mingled sorrow and enthusiasm, he asked himself excitedly: "Shall I be a poet?"

He was not ambitious. He cherished no wild dreams of fortune or of fame. But neither was his a practical mind, and when he put this question to himself it was less by way of seeking to solve the problem of his future than because it was sweet to linger over the mysterious words pronounced by so near a friend; and it seemed to him that if he could become a poet he should be fulfilling that friend's wishes. Unhappily, there was an exercise in literature shut in at that moment

between the covers of his school notebook, and he reflected with shame that he could not remember more than fifty verses of it. He hung his head contrite, but not conquered. The waves of emotion continued to surge over his being, bitter and strenuous. He felt that life and the world are something more than common report would make them; and that in the big universe, which is designed for all, there are smaller, secret and secluded worlds into which the crowd never penetrates. Smitten by that rare and exquisite emotion which we call reverence, he lingered in his walk, gazing on the precious relics about him with an intense and fervid sympathy, which seemed to waken them from the sleep of ages, and inform with palpitating life every granite fragment and fading profile. He knew nothing of the history of that church and that ancient court,—that it was considered a precious work of art, and that foreigners flocked to see it. The heroic figure of Bishop Ambrose, about whom he had not yet studied in his course at the gymnasium, was not evoked by this monument to the churchman's greatness. He knew nothing of the hordes of shouting people who had surged in and out between those columns when the Roman emperors came to receive the iron crown at the hands of the Archbishop, nor that the great central door of the temple is commonly considered as the very one which Ambrose closed in the face of Theodosius. He knew nothing of dry doctrine, but he could hear the voice of the stones; he seemed to see the tears of ancient and incurable sorrows trickling down the marble; he felt the heart of the universe beating in unison with his own, in a sort of quivering harmony of mingled grief and joy. He loved the invisible mystery within the visible world, and opened his arms to it with a confidence he did not himself understand.

The fog, which had lightened during the midday hours, was now slowly gathering again, and the boy surmised that the appointed hour could not be far distant. Slipping out into the open square before the courtyard of the church, and looking up the street that led northward he could in fact discern the dark and slowly increasing mass of humanity, which swelled the vanguard of the funeral procession. At the same time a few stragglers from other quarters, impelled by curiosity merely, came in and took their places within the atrium or along the colonnade. The boy remained outside, passing over to the corner of the street which led to the front of the church, and shrinking into a recess from which he had to thrust out his head in order to observe the *cortège*, dim at first in the gathering mist, but presently growing more distinct, with the dark draperies of the mutes and the white surplices of the clergy under the pallid glimmer of a swaying silver cross, and finally the car itself smothered in flowers. The child clung to the wall with an involuntary spasm of pain. That was Gentile Lamberti being carried past him—dead! He covered his face, and began to weep.

When he looked up again, the car had turned toward the church, with its following of relatives, friends and prominent citizens. Many who had known the dead man only a short time, and many who had never known him personally, but honored the rare blending in him of mental and moral worth, had come to pay him the last tribute; and the crowd increased at every turn. Some who had merely chanced to meet the procession paused in the pursuit of their own affairs, out of sympathy or curiosity, or that they might be able to tell others about the funeral; while a seemingly endless line of carriages lost itself in each of the adjacent streets.

The lad then abandoned his post of observation, and slipping back unperceived into the crowd, crossed the courtyard and once more entered the now crowded church. Here, finding it impossible to move forward, he took refuge in a side chapel, where he braced himself against a pillar, and so awaited the conclusion of the religious ceremony. By raising himself upon tip-toe, he could overlook the whole mass of bowed and uncovered heads, amid which he soon discerned the elf-locks of Signor Pompeo planted stiffly in the front ranks, and in the full light of a great window, that everybody might see that he was there. Henceforth, the chief pre-occupation of the pupil was to escape the notice of that formidable pedagogue, who believed him to be still at school; and no sooner were the prayers ended and the crowd beginning to sway back with a sea-like motion toward the portal of the church, than the boy slipped in once more among the last and humblest of the dead man's followers, careless of his inferior place, and content with having secretly offered to the beloved man the warm homage of his youthful heart.

Meanwhile the strange, fantastic fog of the Milanese November was growing ever thicker and softer. The houses around the square of Saint Ambrogio and along the broad tree-bordered avenue lost all precision of outline, and seemed to expand into vague visions of cyclopean mass, towering to the very heavens. Some were like inaccessible palaces, the abode of fates and geni; others took on the aspect of hyperborean mountains, thrust up suddenly to guard the confines of the earth. The funeral procession, with its serpentine motion, was like a tremulous black shadow in a motionless waste of gray. To the boy it seemed as though it were Gentile Lamberti himself moving toward the awful mystery, accompanied

by veiled phantoms; impelled by invisible forces into the ever-deepening murk of the dim and vast unknown . .

Possessed by a fearful fascination, the lad stuck close to the group of people immediately preceding him, feeling that if he lagged an instant he should become hopelessly bewildered. Softly and timidly he travelled on, his eye fixed as if by a sort of magnetic attraction upon the flaming torches, which were like tiny yellow points, around which the rosy reflection of their flame upon the mist traced a zone of exceedingly delicate violet, fading off by imperceptible gradations into pale green and pearl-gray, and then into a darker gray, and penetrating the surrounding vapors with a mysterious iridescent radiance. All the circumstances of the funeral, the church draped in black, the catafalque, the flowers, the crowd, all the real and stable objects, all the material manifestations, disappeared from the lad's memory. A new world was born for him, out of those mysteriously illuminated shadows; a world of ghosts, of hearts of men beating against their barriers, of sobbing women; a world of tears, flowing far away from the eyes which had first shed, and the hands which had first wiped them; in search of other eyes to flood, other hands to bedew; and he quaffed these tears thirstily in the dense and humid air, whose breath upon his cheek was like the icy touch of death.

All at once he saw no more: neither the vague throng of people which he had been following, nor the bright points of the torches, nor the widening reflection of their flames; and a blank wall of inky blackness rose before him, silent and terrible.

The thing he feared had come upon him. The ever-dwindling funeral procession had suddenly vanished in a peculiarly dense stratum of fog; and he was alone, and lost in the darkness. He moved forward for a few paces in

the same direction; then closed his eyes desperately, and thrust out his hands as though to repel an enemy; but his enemy offered only the soft resistance of an imponderable phantom, involving, penetrating, suffocating him with an intangible veil. His eye could not discern one gleam of light, nor his agitated ear detect the faintest sound. A sort of purplish penumbra, renewed from step to step, as though emanating from a lantern carried by an invisible hand, enveloped his own person as he walked, and furnished a mysterious guide for his footsteps. But in vain he paused from time to time, trying to guess in what part of the city he was. That insurmountable wall still hedged him in.

He pursued his course in abject bewilderment, missing every clue. Unconsciously, however, he had veered, and was retracing his steps; and as he drew near the familiar places, a certain sense of reality returned to him, and he thought of the master who was on the watch for him, and the punishment he would have to take for his truancy; and a childish sense of grievance arose within his breast, contracting his throat with a sob.

When, at last, he had wandered back into his own ward, he stood still for an instant before the door of the house where he lived, then summoned all his courage and plunged in. He climbed the broad, stately staircase, which ended at the first floor, and was about to mount the dark and narrow one which led to his preceptor's rooms upon the upper story, when the voice of Signor Pompeo himself was heard with mighty wrath in its accents, and that worthy appeared in the entrance doorway of the first-floor apartment, followed by the servant, who had opened the door. The lad had barely time to spring aside into a dark corner, while Signor Pompeo paused, and said over his shoulder to some one:

"That boy needs a lesson."

An exceedingly sweet girl's voice,—an angelic voice, though tremulous with tears, answered beseechingly and with indescribable emotion:

"Oh, not to-day! Not to-day!"

And, as if distrusting the power of her verbal plea, the speaker stretched out her hands toward the man who had already crossed the threshold, and followed him, entreating some

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pledge of clemency. It was then that she discovered the boy shrinking in a corner of the staircase, and exclaimed:

"Oh Flavio, poor child! What are you doing here?"

She drew him toward her with gentle, motherly arms, and when she found him shaking with fright she swiftly and softly pressed his head against her breast, repeating, "Poor child!", while Flavio felt that he was saved.

(To be continued.)

BALZAC.

I.

The first man who has completely understood Balzac is Rodin, and it has taken Rodin ten years to realize his own conception. France has refused the statue in which a novelist is represented as a dreamer, to whom Paris is not so much Paris as Patmos; "the most Parisian of our novelists," Frenchmen assure you. It is a hundred years this month since Balzac was born: a hundred years is a long time in which to be misunderstood with admiration.

In choosing the name of the "Human Comedy" for a series of novels in which, as he says, there is at once "the history and the criticism of society, the analysis of its evils, and the discussion of its principles," Balzac proposed to do for the modern world what Dante, in his "Divine Comedy," had done for the world of the Middle Ages. Condemned to write in prose, and finding his opportunity in that restriction, he created for himself a form which is perhaps the nearest equivalent for the epic or the poetic drama, and the only form in which, at all events, the epic is now possible. The world of Dante

was materially simple compared with the world of the nineteenth century; the "visible world" had not yet begun to "exist," in its tyrannical modern sense; the complications of the soul interested only the schoolmen, and were a part of theology; poetry could still represent an age and yet be poetry. But to-day poetry can no longer represent more than the soul of things; it has taken refuge from the terrible improvements of civilization in a divine seclusion, where it sings, disregarding the many voices of the street. Prose comes offering its infinite capacity for detail; and it is by the infinity of its detail that the novel, as Balzac created it, has become the modern epic.

There had been great novels, indeed, before Balzac, but no great novelist; and the novels themselves are scarcely what we should to-day call by that name. The interminable *Astrée* and its companions form a link between the *fabliaux* and the novel, and from them developed the characteristic eighteenth-century *conte*, in narrative, letters, or dialogue, as we see it in Marivaux, Laclos, Crebillon *fils*. Crebillon's longer works, including "Le Sopha," with their conventional paraphernalia of

Eastern fable, are extremely tedious; but in two short pieces, "La Nuit et le Moment" and "Le Hasard du Coin du Feu," he created a model of witty, naughty, deplorably natural comedy, which to this day is one of the most characteristic French forms of fiction. Properly, however, it is a form of the drama rather than of the novel. Laclos, in "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," a masterpiece which scandalized the society that adored Crebillon, because its naked human truth left no room for sentimental excuses, comes much nearer to prefiguring the novel (as Stendhal, for instance, is afterward to conceive it), but still preserves the awkward, traditional form of letters. Marivaux had indeed already seemed to suggest the novel of analysis, but in a style which has christened a whole manner of writing, that precisely which is least suited to the writing of fiction. Voltaire's *contes*, "La Religieuse" of Diderot, are tracts or satires in which the story is only an excuse for the purpose. Rousseau, too, has his purpose, even in "La Nouvelle Héloïse," but it is a humanizing purpose; and with that book the novel of passion comes into existence, and along with it the descriptive novel. Yet with Rousseau this result is an accident of genius; we cannot call him a novelist; and we find him abandoning the form he has found, for another, more closely personal, which suits him better. Restif de la Bretonne, who followed Rousseau at a distance, not altogether wisely, developed the form of half-imaginary autobiography in "Monsieur Nicolas," a book of which the most significant part may be compared with Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris." Morbid and even mawkish as it is, it has a certain uneasy, unwholesome humanity in its confessions, which may seem to have set a fashion only too scrupulously followed by modern French novelists. Meanwhile, the Abbé Prévost's one great story, "Man-

on Lescaut," had brought for once a purely objective study, of an incomparable simplicity, into the midst of these analyses of difficult souls; and then we return to the confession, in the works of others not novelists: Benjamin Constant, Mme. de Staël, Chateaubriand, in "Adolphe," "Corinne," "René." At once we are in the Romantic movement, a movement which begins lyrically, among poets, and at first with a curious disregard of the more human part of humanity.

Balzac worked contemporaneously with the Romantic movement, but he worked outside it, and its influence upon him is felt only in an occasional pseudo-romanticism, like the episode of the pirate in "La Femme de Trente Ans." His vision of humanity was essentially a poetic vision, but he was a poet whose dreams were facts. Knowing that, as Mme. Necker has said, "the novel should be the better world," he knew also that "the novel would be nothing if, in that august lie, it were not true in details." And in the "Human Comedy" he proposed to himself to do for society more than Buffon had done for the animal world.

"There is but one animal," he declares, in his "Avant-Propos," with a confidence which Darwin has not yet come to justify. But "there exists, there will always exist, social species, as there are zoological species." "Thus the work to be done will have a triple form: men, women, and things; that is to say, human beings and the material representations which they give to their thought; in short, man and life." And, studying after nature, "French society will be the historian, I shall need to be no more than the secretary." Thus will be written "the history forgotten by so many historians, the history of manners." But that is not all, for "passion is the whole of humanity." "In realizing clearly the drift of the composition, it will be seen that I as-

sign to facts, constant, daily, open or secret, to the acts of individual life, to their causes and principles, as much importance as historians had formerly attached to the events of the public life of nations." "Facts gathered together and painted as they are, with passion for element," is one of his definitions of the task he has undertaken. And in a letter to Mme. de Hanska he summarizes every detail of his scheme.

"The 'Etudes des Mœurs' will represent social effects without a single situation of life, or a physiognomy, or a character of man or woman, or a manner of life, or a profession, or a social zone, or a district of France, or anything pertaining to childhood, old age, or maturity, politics, justice, or war, having been forgotten."

"That laid down, the history of the human heart traced link by link, the history of society made in all its details, we have the base. . . .

"Then the second stage is the 'Etudes philosophiques,' for after the *effects* come the *causes*. In the 'Etudes des Mœurs' I shall have painted the sentiments and their action, life and the fashion of life. In the 'Etudes philosophiques' I shall say *why* the sentiments, *on what* the life. . . .

"Then after the *effects* and the *causes*, come the 'Etudes analytiques,' to which the 'Physiologie du mariage' belongs, for after the *effects* and the *causes*, one should seek the *principles*.

...

"After having done the poetry, the demonstration, of a whole system, I shall do the science in the *Essai sur les forces humaines*. And on the bases of this palace, I shall have traced the immense arabesque of the *Cent Contes drolatiques!*"

Quite all that, as we know, was not carried out; but there, in its intention, is the plan; and after twenty years' work, the main part of it, certainly, was carried out. Stated with this pre-

cise detail, it has something of a scientific air, as of a too deliberate attempt upon the sources of life by one of those systematic French minds which are so much more logical than facts. But there is one little phrase to be noted: "*La passion est toute l'humanité.*" All Balzac is in that phrase.

Another French novelist following, as he thinks, the example of the "Human Comedy," has endeavored to build up a history of his own time with even greater minuteness. But "Les Rougon-Macquart" is no more than system; Zola has never understood that detail without life is the wardrobe without the man. Trying to outdo Balzac on his own ground, he has made the fatal mistake of taking him only on his own systematic side, which in Balzac is subordinate to a great creative intellect, an incessant, burning thought among men and women, a passionate human curiosity for which even his own system has no limits. "The misfortunes of the *Birotteaus*, the priest and the perfumer," he says, in his "Avant-Propos," taking an example at random, "are, for me, those of humanity." To Balzac manners are but the vestment of life; it is life that he seeks; and life to him is but the vestment of thought. Thought is at the root of all his work, a whole system of thought, in which philosophy is but another form of poetry; and it is from this root of idea that the "Human Comedy" springs.

II.

The two books into which Balzac has put his deepest thought, the two books which he himself cared for the most, are "Séraphita" and "Louis Lambert." Of "Louis Lambert" he said: "I write it for myself and a few others;" of "Séraphita": "*J'y mets ma vie!*" "One could write 'Goriot' any day," he adds; "Séraphita" only once in a lifetime." I have never been able to feel that

"Séraphita" is altogether a success. It lacks the breadth of life; it is glacial. True, he aimed at producing very much such an effect; and it is, indeed, full of a strange, glittering beauty, the beauty of its own snows. But I find in it at the same time something a little factitious, a sort of romanesque, not altogether unlike the sentimental romanesque of Novalis; it has not done the impossible, in humanizing the most abstract speculation, in fusing mysticism and the novel. But for the student of Balzac it has extraordinary interest; for it is at once the base and the summit of the "Human Comedy." In a letter to Mme. de Hanska, written in 1837, four years after "Séraphita" had been begun, he writes: "I am not orthodox, and I do not believe in the Roman Church. Swedenborgianism, which is but a repetition, in the Christian sense, of ancient ideas, is my religion, with this addition: that I believe in the incomprehensibility of God." "Séraphita" is a prose poem in which the most abstract part of that mystical system, which Swedenborg perhaps materialized too crudely, is presented in a white light, under a single superhuman image. In "Louis Lambert" the same fundamental conceptions are worked out in the study of a perfectly human intellect, "an intellectual gulf," as he truly calls it; a sober and concise history of ideas in their devouring action upon a too feeble physical nature. In these two books we see directly, and not through the colored veil of human life, the mind in the abstract of a thinker whose power over humanity was the power of abstract thought. They showed the novelist, who has invented the description of society, by whom the visible world has been more powerfully felt than by any other novelist, striving to penetrate the correspondences which exist between the human and the celestial existence. He would pursue the soul to its last resting-place before it

takes flight from the body; further, on its disembodied flight; he would find out God as he comes nearer and nearer to finding out the secret of life. And realizing, as he does so profoundly, that there is but one substance, and one ever-changing principle of life, "*une seule plante, un seul animal, mais des rapports continus*," the whole world is alive with meaning for him, a more intimate meaning than it has for others. "The least flower is a thought, a life which corresponds to some lineaments of the great whole, of which he has the constant intuition." And so, in his concerns with the world, he will find spirit everywhere; nothing for him will be inert matter, everything will have its part of the universal life. One of those divine spies, for whom the world has no secrets, he will be neither pessimist nor optimist; he will accept the world as a man accepts the woman whom he loves, as much for her defects as for her virtues. Loving the world for its own sake, he will find it always beautiful, equally beautiful in all its parts. Now let us look at the program which he traced for the "Human Comedy," let us realize it in the light of this philosophy, and we are at the beginning of a conception of what the "Human Comedy" really is.

III.

The visionary then, who had apprehended for himself an idea of God, set himself to interpret human life more elaborately than any one else. He has been praised for his patient observation; people have thought they praised him in calling him a realist; it has been discussed how far his imitation of life has the literal truth of the photograph. But to Balzac the word realism was an insult. Writing his novels at the rate of eighteen hours a day, in a feverish solitude, he had never had the time to observe patiently. It is humanity seen

in a mirror, the humanity which comes to the great dreamers, the great poets, humanity as Shakespeare saw it. And so in him, as in all the great artists, there is something more than nature, a divine excess. This something more than nature should be the aim of the artist, not merely the accident which happens to him against his will. We require of him a world like our own, but a world infinitely more vigorous, interesting, profound; more beautiful with that kind of beauty which nature finds of itself for art. It is the quality of great creative art to give us so much life that we are almost overpowered by it, as by an air almost too vigorous to breathe: the exuberance of creation which makes the Moses of Michael Angelo something more than human, which makes Lear something more than human, in one kind or another of divinity.

Balzac's novels are full of strange problems and great passions. He turned aside from nothing which presented itself in nature; and his mind was always turbulent with the magnificent contrasts and caprices of fate. A devouring passion of thought burned on all the situations by which humanity expresses itself in its flight from the horror of immobility. To say that the situations which he chose are often romantic is but to say that he followed the soul and the senses faithfully on their strangest errands. Our probable novelists of to-day are afraid of whatever emotion might be misinterpreted in a gentleman. Believing as we do now, in nerves and a fatalistic heredity, we have left but little room for the dignity and disturbance of violent emotion. To Balzac, humanity had not changed since the days when Oedipus was blind and Philoctetes cried in the cave; and equally great miseries were still possible to mortals, though they were French and of the nineteenth century.

And thus he creates, like the poets, a

humanity more logical than the average life; more typical, more sub-divided among the passions, and having in its veins an energy almost more than human. He realized, as the Greeks did, that human life is made up of elemental passions and necessity; but he was the first to realize that in the modern world the pseudonym of necessity is money. Money and the passions rule the world of his "Human Comedy."

And, at the root of the passions, determining their action, he saw "those nervous fluids, or that unknown substance which, in default of another term, we must call the will." No word returns oftener to his pen. For him the problem is invariable. Man has a given quantity of energy; each man a different quantity; how will he spend it? A novel is the determination in action of that problem. And he is equally interested in every form of energy, in every form of egoism, so long as it is fiercely itself. This preoccupation with the force rather than with any of its manifestations, gives him his singular impartiality, his absolute lack of prejudice; for it gives him the advantage of an abstract point of view, the unchanging fulcrum for a lever which turns in every direction; and as nothing once set vividly in motion by any form of human activity is without interest for him, he makes every point of his vast chronicle of human affairs equally interesting to his readers.

Baudelaire has observed profoundly that every character in the "Human Comedy" has something of Balzac, his genius. To himself, his own genius was entirely expressed in that word "will." It recurs constantly in his letters. "Men of will are rare," he cries. And, at a time when he had turned night into day for his labor: "I rise every night with a keener will than that of yesterday." "Nothing wearies me," he says, "neither waiting nor happiness." He exhausts the printers,

whose fingers can hardly keep pace with his brain; they call him, he reports proudly, "a man-slayer." And he tries to express himself: "I have always had in me something, I know not what, which made me do differently from others; and, with me, fidelity is perhaps no more than pride. Having only myself to rely upon, I have had to strengthen, to build up that self." There is a scene in "La Cousine Bette" which gives precisely Balzac's own sentiment of the supreme value of energy. The Baron Hulot, ruined on every side, and by his own fault, goes to Josépha, a mistress who had cast him off in the days of his prosperity, and asks her to lodge him for a few days in a garret. She laughs, pities, and then questions him.

"'Est-ce vrai, vieux,' reprit-elle, 'que tu as tué ton frère et ton oncle, ruiné ta famille, surhypoqué la maison de tes enfants et mange la grenouille du gouvernement en Afrique avec la princesse?'

"Le Baron inclina tristement la tête.

"'Eh bien, j'amie cela!' s'écria Josépha, qui se leva pleine d'enthousiasme. 'C'est un *brûlage* général! c'est sardanapale! c'est grand! c'est complet! On est canaille, mais on a du cœur.'

The cry is Balzac's, and it is a characteristic part of his genius to have given it that ironical force by uttering it through the mouth of a Josépha. The joy of the human organism at its highest point of activity: that is what interests him supremely. How passionate, how moving he becomes whenever he has to speak of a real passion, a mania, whether of a lover for his mistress, of a philosopher for his idea, of a miser for his gold, of a Jew dealer for masterpieces! His style clarifies, his words become flesh and blood; he is the lyric poet. And for him every idealism is equal: the gourmandise of Pons is not less serious, not less sympathetic, nor less perfectly realized, than the search

of Claës after the Absolute. "The great and terrible clamor of egoism," is the voice to which he is always attentive; "those eloquent faces always proclaiming a soul abandoned to an idea as to a remorse," are the faces with whose history he concerns himself. He drags to light the hidden joys of the *amateur*, and with especial delight those that are hidden deepest, under the most deceptive coverings. He deifies them for their energy, he fashions the world of his "Human Comedy" in their service, as the real world exists, all but passive, to be the pasture of these supreme egoists.

IV.

In all that he writes of life, Balzac seeks the soul, but it is the soul as nervous fluid, the executive soul, not the contemplative soul, that, with rare exceptions, he seeks. He would surprise the motive force of life: that is his *recherche de l'Absolu*; he figures it to himself as almost a substance, and he is the alchemist on its track. "Can man by thinking find out God?" Or life, he would have added; and he would have answered the question with at least a *Perhaps*.

And of this visionary, this abstract thinker, it must be said that his thought translates itself into terms of life. Pose before him a purely mental problem, and he will resolve it by a scene in which the problem literally works itself out. It is the quality proper to the novelist, but no novelist ever employed this quality with such persistent activity, and at the same time subordinated action so constantly to the idea. With him action has always a mental basis, is never suffered to intrude for its own sake. He prefers that an episode should seem in itself tedious rather than it should have an illogical interest.

It may be, for he is a Frenchman, that his episodes are sometimes too logi-

cal. There are moments when he becomes unreal because he wishes to be too systematic, that is, to be real by measure. He would never have understood the method of Tolstoi, a very stealthy method of surprising life. To Tolstoi life is always the cunning enemy whom one must lull asleep, or noose by an unexpected lasso. He brings in little detail after little detail, seeming to insist on the insignificance of each, in order that it may pass almost unobserved, and be realized only after it has passed. It is his way of disarming the suspiciousness of life.

But Balzac will make no detour, aims at an open and unconditional triumph over nature. Thus, when he triumphs, he triumphs signally; and action in his books, is perpetually crystallizing into some phrase, like the single lines of Dante, or some brief scene, in which a whole entanglement comes sharply and suddenly to a luminous point. I will give no instance, for I should have to quote from every volume. I wish rather to remind myself that there are times when the last fine shade of a situation seems to have escaped. Even then, the failure is often more apparent than real, a slight bungling in the machinery of illusion. Look through the phrase, and you will find the truth there, perfectly explicit on the other side of it.

For, it cannot be denied. Balzac's style, as style, is imperfect. It has life, and it has idea, and it has variety; there are moments when it attains a rare and perfectly individual beauty; as when, in "*Le Cousin Pons*," we read of "*cette prédisposition aux recherches qui fait faire à un savant germanique cent lieues dans ses guêtres pour trouver une vérité qui le regard en riant, assise à la marge du puits sous le jasmin de la cour.*" But I am far less sure that a student of Balzac would recognize him in this sentence than that he would recognize the writer of

this other: "*Des larmes de pudeur, qui roulèrent entre les beaux cils de Madame Hulot, arrêtaient net le garde national.*" It is in such passages that the failure in style is equivalent to a failure in psychology. That his style should lack symmetry, subordination, the formal virtues of form, is, in my eyes, a less serious fault. I have often considered whether, in the novel, perfect form is a good, or even a possible thing, if the novel is to be what Balzac made it, history added to poetry. A novelist with style will not look at life with an entirely naked vision. He sees through colored glasses. Human life and human manners are too various, too moving, to be brought into the fixity of a quite formal order. There will come a moment, constantly, when style must suffer, or the closeness and clearness of narration must be sacrificed, some minute exception of action or psychology must lose its natural place, or its full emphasis. Balzac with his rapid and accumulating mind, without the patience of selection, and without the desire to select where selection means leaving out something good in itself if not good in its place, never hesitates, and his parenthesis comes in. And often it is into these parentheses that he puts the profoundest part of his thought.

Yet, ready as Balzac is to neglect the story for the philosophy, whenever it seems to him necessary to do so, he would never have admitted that a form of the novel is possible in which the story shall be no more than an excuse for the philosophy. That was because he was a great creator, and not merely a philosophical thinker; because he dealt in flesh and blood, and knew that the passions in action can teach more to the philosopher, and can justify the artist more fully, than all the unacting intellect in the world. He knew that though life without thought was no more than the portion of a dog, yet

thoughtful life was more than lifeless thought, and the dramatist more than the commentator. And I cannot help feeling assured that the latest novelists without a story, whatever other merits they certainly have, are lacking in the power to create characters, to express a philosophy in action; and that the form which they have found, however valuable it may be, is the result of this failure, and not either a great refusal or a new vision.

V.

The novel as Balzac conceived it has created the modern novel, but no modern novelist has followed, for none has been able to follow, Balzac on his own lines. Even those who have tried to follow him most closely have, sooner or later, branched off in one direction or another, most in the direction indicated by Stendhal. Stendhal has written one book which is a masterpiece, unique in its kind, "*Le Rouge et le Noir*;" a second, which is full of admirable things, "*La Chartreuse de Parme*;" a book of profound criticism, "*Racine et Shakspeare*;" and a cold and penetrating study of the physiology of love, "*De l'Amour*," by the side of which Balzac's "*Physiologie du Mariage*" is a mere *jeu d'esprit*. He discovered for himself, and for others after him, a method of unemotional, minute, slightly ironical analysis, which has fascinated modern minds, partly because it has seemed to dispense with those difficulties of creation, of creation in the block, which the triumphs of Balzac have only accentuated. Goriot, Valérie Marneffe, Pons, Grandet, Madame de Mortsauf even, are called up before us after the same manner as Othello or Don Quixote; their actions express them so significantly that they seem to be independent of their creator; Balzac stakes all upon each creation, and leaves us no choice but to accept

or reject each as a whole, precisely as we should a human being. We do not know all the secrets of their consciousness, any more than we know all the secrets of the consciousness of our friends. But we have only to say "*Valérie*!" and the woman is before us. Stendhal, on the contrary, undresses Julien's soul in public with a deliberate and fascinating effrontery. There is not a vein of which he does not trace the course, not a wrinkle to which he does not point, not a nerve which he does not touch to the quick. We know everything that passed through his mind, to result probably in some significant inaction. And at the end of the book we know as much about that particular intelligence as the anatomist knows about the body which he has dissected. But meanwhile the life has gone out of the body; and have we, after all, captured a living soul?

I should be the last to say that Julien Sorel is not a creation, but he is not a creation after the order of Balzac; it is a difference of kind; and if we look carefully at Frédéric Moreau, and Madame Gervaisais, and the Abbé Mouret, we shall see that these also, profoundly different as Flaubert and Goncourt and Zola are from Stendhal, are yet more profoundly, more radically, different from the creations of Balzac. Balzac takes a primary passion, puts it into a human body, and sets it to work itself out in visible action. But since Stendhal, novelists have persuaded themselves that the primary passions are a little common, or noisy, or a little heavy to handle, and they have concerned themselves with passions tempered by reflection, and the sensations of elaborate brains. It was Stendhal who substituted the brain for the heart, as the battle-place of the novel; not the brain as Balzac conceived it, a motive-force of action, the mainspring of passion, the force by which a nature directs its accumu-

lated energy; but a sterile sort of brain, set at a great distance from the heart, whose rhythm is too faint to disturb it. We have been intellectualizing upon Stendhal ever since, until the persons of the modern novel have come to resemble those diaphanous jelly-fish, with balloon-like heads and the merest tufts of bodies, which float up and down in the Aquarium at Naples.

Thus, coming closer, as it seems, to what is called reality, in this banishment of great emotions, and this attention upon the sensations, modern analytic novelists are really getting further and further from that life which is the one certain thing in the world. Balzac employs all his detail to call up a tangible world about his men and women, not, perhaps, understanding the full power of detail as psychology, as Flaubert is to understand it; but, after all, his detail is only the background of the picture; and there, stepping out of the canvas, as the sombre people of Velazquez step out of their canvases at the Prado, is the living figure, looking into your eyes with eyes that respond to you like a mirror.

The novels of Balzac are full of electric fluid. To take up one of them is to feel the shock of life, as one feels it on touching certain magnetic hands. To turn over volume after volume is like wandering through the streets of a great city, at that hour of the night when human activity is at its full. There is a particular kind of excitement inherent in the very aspect of a modern city, of London or Paris; in the mere sensation of being in its midst, in the sight of all those active and fatigued faces which pass so rapidly; of those long and endless streets, full of houses, each of which is like the body of a multiform soul, looking out through the eyes of many windows. There is something intoxicating in the lights, the movement of shadows un-

der the lights, the vast and billowy sound of that shadowy movement. And there is something more than this mere unconscious action upon the nerves. Every step in a great city is a step into an unknown world. A new future is possible at every street corner. I never know, when I go out into one of those crowded streets, but that the whole course of my life may be changed before I return to the house I have quit-

I am writing these lines in Madrid, to which I have come suddenly, after a long quiet in Andalusia; and I feel already a new pulse in my blood, a keener consciousness of life, and a sharper human curiosity. Even in Seville I knew that I should see to-morrow, in the same streets, hardly changed since the Middle Ages, the same people that I had seen to-day. But here there are new possibilities, all the exciting accidents of the modern world, of a population always changing, of a city into which civilization has brought all its unrest. And as I walk in these broad, windy streets and see these people, whom I hardly recognize for Spaniards, so awake and so hybrid are they, I have felt the sense of Balzac coming back into my veins. At Cordova he was unthinkable; at Cadiz I could realize only his large, universal outlines, vague as the murmur of the sea; here I feel him, he speaks the language I am talking, he sums up the life in whose midst I find myself.

For Balzac is the equivalent of great cities. He is bad reading for solitude, for he fills the mind with the nostalgia of cities. When a man speaks to me familiarly of Balzac I know already something of the man with whom I have to do. "The physiognomy of women does not begin before the age of thirty," he has said; and perhaps before that age no one can really understand Balzac. Few young people care for him, for there is nothing in

him that appeals to the senses except through the intellect. Not many women care for him supremely, for it is part of his method to express sentiments through facts, and not facts through sentiments. But it is natural that he should be the favorite reading of men of the world, of those men of the world who have the distinction of their kind; for he supplies the key of the enigma which they are studying.

VI.

The life of Balzac was one long labor, in which time, money, and circumstances were all against him. In 1835 he writes: "I have lately spent twenty-six days in my study without leaving it. I took the air only at that window which dominates Paris, which I mean to dominate." And he exults in the labor: "If there is any glory in that, I alone could accomplish such a feat." He symbolizes the course of his life in comparing it to the sea beating against a rock: "To-day one flood, to-morrow another, bears me along with it. I am dashed against a rock. I recover myself and go on to another reef." "Sometimes it seems to me that my brain is on fire. I shall die in the trenches of the intellect."

Balzac, like Scott, died under the weight of his debts; and it would seem, if one took him at his word, that the whole of the "Human Comedy" was written for money. In the modern world, as he himself realized more clearly than any one, money is more often a symbol than an entity, and it can be the symbol of every desire. For Balzac money was the key of his only earthly paradise. It meant leisure to visit the woman whom he loved, and at the end it meant the possibility of marrying her.

There were only two women in Balzac's life: one, a woman much older than himself, of whom he wrote, on her death, to the other: "She was a mother, a friend, a family, a compan-

ion, a counsel, she made the writer, she consoled the young man, she formed his taste, she wept like a sister, she laughed, she came every day, like a healing slumber, to put sorrow to sleep." The other was Mme. de Hanska, whom he married in 1850, three months before his death. He had loved her for twenty years; she was married, and lived in Poland: it was only at rare intervals that he was able to see her, and then very briefly; but his letters to her, lately published in the *Revue de Paris*, are a simple, perfectly individual, daily record of a great passion. For twenty years he existed on a divine certainty without a future, and almost without a present. But we see the force of that sentiment passing into his work; *Séraphita* is its ecstasy, everywhere is its human shadow; it refines his strength, it gives him surprising intuitions, it gives him all that was wanting to his genius. Mme. de Hanska is the heroine of the "Human Comedy," as Beatrice is the heroine of the "Divine Comedy."

A great lover, to whom love, as well as every other passion and the whole visible world, was an idea, a flaming spiritual perception, Balzac enjoyed the vast happiness of the idealist. Contentedly, joyously, he sacrificed every petty enjoyment to the idea of love, the idea of fame, and to that need of the organism to exercise its forces, which is the only definition of genius. I do not know, among the lives of men of letters, a life better filled, or more appropriate. A young man, who, for a short time, was his secretary, declared: "I would not live your life for the fame of Napoleon and of Byron combined." The Comte de Gramont did not realize, as the world in general does not realize, that, to the man of creative energy, creation is at once a necessity and a joy, and, to the lover, hope in absence is the elixir of life. Balzac tasted more than all earthly pleasures as he sat

there in his attic, creating the world over again, that he might lay it at the feet of a woman. Certainly to him there was no tedium in life, for there was no hour without its vivid employment, and no moment in which to perceive the most desolate of all certain-

ties, that hope is in the past. His death was as fortunate as his life; he died at the height of his powers, at the height of his fame, at the moment of the fulfilment of his happiness, and perhaps of the too sudden relief of that delicate burden.

The Fortnightly Review.

Arthur Symonds.

BIRDS.

Sure, maybe ye've heard the storm-thrush
Whistlin' bould in March,
Before there's a primrose peepin' out,
Or a wee red cone on the larch:
Whistlin' the sun to come out o' the cloud,
An' the wind to come over the sea,—
But for all he can whistle so clear an' loud,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure, maybe ye've seen the song-thrush
After an April rain,
Slip from in-undher the drippin' leaves,
Wishful to sing again;
Och, low wid love when he's near the nest,
An' loud from the top o' the tree,—
But for all he can flutter the heart in your breast,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure, maybe ye've heard the cushadoo
Callin' his mate in May,
When one sweet thought is the whole of his life,
An' he tells it the one sweet way.
But my heart is sore at the cushadoo
Filled wid his own soft glee,
Over an' over his "me an' you!"—
He's never the bird for me.

Sure, maybe ye've heard the red-breast
Singin' his lone on a thorn,
Mindin' himself o' the dear days lost,
Brave wid his heart forlorn:
The time is in dark November,
An' no spring hopes has he:
"Remember," he sings, "remember!"—
Ay, *thon's* the wee bird for me.

Maira O'Neill.

THE ETHICS OF WAR.

"War hated of mothers" was the standard classical denunciation. Now, in this fag end of the nineteenth century, we may say with almost more propriety, "War hated of stockbrokers." Nothing can equal the delicate sensibility of the Stock Exchange to the faintest rumor of war, for war means the depreciation of investments, and a depreciation to which no limits can be assigned. With the Stock Exchange a very real, though not the highest, factor in our nature must ever be in sympathy: moreover, we willingly allow that peace should have its premium, war its penalty, with an appeal to the pocket, which is ever tender, even when the heart is hard.

The next few months may easily find us in a state of war with one or more of the Continental Powers—a condition which we have hardly known since the war with Napoleon, for the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny Campaign and our various frontier wars partook rather of the character of a punitive expedition, and at least involved no very comprehensive risks.

It is with the war sentiment and its ethical character, its illusions and its disillusion, that I should wish to deal in this paper; on its equipment in the way of arms or alliances, and on its conduct, should an opinion escape me, I would be understood to speak under due correction.

In this country every view concerning war, I will not say flourishes, but at least finds occasional expression, from that of the Society of Friends, which condemns all war, even when purely defensive, as forbidden by the Gospel of Christianity, to that of the Jingo who, having equipped a fleet out-matching the united fleets of Europe, would still find in the building of ev-

ery alien warship a *casus belli*. If war were declared to-morrow it would but furnish a fresh text for every form of warlike or unwarlike discourse. Meetings would be held in which war in general and this war in particular would be denounced as unchristian and unproductive; we should be challenged to show how war is compatible with the Pax Christiana, and again what had been gained by our outlay on any of our wars ancient or modern. Meanwhile the big guns speak in thunder and the deadly game waxes none the less furious for its accompaniment of domestic babble, until something serious gives way somewhere and the world relapses into peace.

Although English want of logic is proverbial, and we are almost come to accept the impeachment as a compliment to our common sense, yet we shall most of us admit that if, in the intervals of practical business, such as brewing beer or moulding chocolate, we can knock a speculative solecism on the head, especially if this be couched in religious language, we shall promote the cause of moral sanitation and deserve well of the country. For, after all, a false premise, however its action may be controlled in practice by the improvisation of common sense, yet in the immortality of uncontrolled iteration does really constitute a perennial source of mischief, first as an advertisement of what is false, secondly as a provocation to the opposite extreme. I am convinced that Jingoism flourishes on nothing so well as upon such an "Appeal to the Nation" as was issued on the third of December, 1897, by the Society of Friends.

I should be the last to depreciate the many good qualities and the many no-

ble works which have distinguished that society from the seventeenth century down to the present day. I am convinced that they have made no statement in their "Appeal" which they do not hold to be true; and I am more than touched by the outspoken fervor of their protest, "To us it seems clear that when once satisfied as to what that teaching [Christ's] is, it is our duty to obey it, regardless of consequences." But none the less I am also convinced that the two assertions upon which their "Appeal" is mainly based—viz., that Christ has taught that *all* war is unlawful, and that the earliest writers in the Christian Church were agreed that nothing less than this was their Master's doctrine—are false, and incapable of justification by any serious student either of his Bible or of Christian antiquity.

It is necessary that we should begin by insisting upon the common ground taken by Christians in regard to war in order to distinguish from it the special contention of the Quakers. We all admit that war is extremely uncongenial to the Christian temper; that the character engendered by Christian teaching will tend to the avoidance of war; to a reluctance to embrace it in lieu of such other alternatives as, let us say, arbitration. Where we join issue with the Quakers is in this, that we assert whilst they deny that war is sometimes neither more nor less than a duty; that it is the duty of a nation to stand up for itself even at the risk of war; that a contrary behavior is not only base, but to the last degree impolitic as tending inevitably to the loss of independence.

This is the common verdict of every age and every race; and yet if I were once assured that Christ taught the contrary, believing as I do that Christ is God, I should repudiate the common sentence of mankind as delusive, and "regardless of consequences" take my

stand with the Society of Friends—at least I hope I should do this. But, on the other hand, considering how universal is the common sentiment, and seeing that God is the author of nature as well as of grace, of reason as well as of revelation, we have every right to demand nothing less than an absolute proof that it has been condemned by Christ before we consent to abjure it. There is really only one passage—see Matthew v. 39 and Luke vi. 29—that has been produced with any effect, in which Christ exhorts His Apostles, "If any one smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also." But this is obviously a counsel of perfection addressed to the Apostles in their character of missionaries, who are sent out as sheep amidst wolves and are to win their way by the rhetoric of invincible meekness. It will always indicate a principle of Christian progress; but as a hard and fast rule addressed to all men and collections of men under all circumstances it carries its absurdity on the face of it. It is impossible, and even if possible would be pernicious, involving as it must frequently do a negative violation of the moral law. What would be the action of a Friend were his mother or wife or daughter smitten on the cheek? Can we doubt that the phrase of "Uncle Tom" notoriety, "Friend, thee's not wanted here," would not only be enunciated, but enforced in some sudden and effectual way with fist or foot or staff. One is almost ashamed to have pursued such a topic; and yet what would the Society have? They must be taken seriously if at all.

Not only is the supposed prohibition of war in the New Testament wholly defective, but we have in the words of Christ, recorded John xviii. 36, a recognition of the lawfulness of war. "If my kingdom were of this world, verily would my servants have fought, so that I should not be delivered into

the hands of the Jews," which is as much to say, "If I had come to restore the temporal kingdom of Israel in the way generally expected of the Messiah, my people would have fought." Whence it may be fairly argued that if an earthly kingdom be justifiable at all, as even Quakers admit that it is, we have Scripture warranty to fight for it. Then *ex abundante* the Scripture of both Testaments is full of the imagery of war, which would never be the case were war essentially criminal.

With respect to the teaching of the earliest Christian writers, a foolish list has gone the round of the papers of some thirteen authors ranging from the second to the fourth century who are supposed to have taught the absolute unlawfulness of war for a Christian. I have called it "foolish" advisedly, for it consists merely of names collected more or less haphazard and without a shred of reference. St. Ambrose figures in it, whose rejoicings in the victories of Theodosius are notorious;¹ again, "Thou hast the soldier's fortitude in which no mean form of righteousness and nobility is exhibited in choosing death rather than slavery and disgrace;"² and St. Cyril, but we are told not whether of Alexandria or Jerusalem; and Archelaus, a mere name for a dateless fragment of doubtful authenticity. In St. Cyril Alexand. we have a passage³ forbidding armed resistance to persecution, and again in St. Ambrose.⁴ Archelaus⁵ thus harmonizes the Mosalé "eye for an eye" with Christ's "turn the other cheek," "Behold a progress from justice to charity." Ireneus and Cyprian yield nothing to the purpose. In Tertullian and Origen, however, there are strong passages deprecating Christians be-

coming soldiers. But the strongest of these passages does not amount to an assertion that all war is unlawful, and each of these writers in one place or another implies or asserts the contrary. Thus Tertullian—who⁶ exclaims, "How then shall a Christian fight, nay, how even in peace shall he play the soldier, without that sword of which the Lord deprived him?" viz., in His rebuke of Peter—on the other hand,⁷ when enumerating the imperial burdens shared by the Christians, insists, "With you we take ship, with you we serve in the army."

Origen⁸ claims for Christians the immunity from military service enjoyed by the Pagan priesthood, and describes them "whilst keeping their hands unstained, yet by the pouring out of their prayers to God as fighting for those who are engaged in a just war;" but if war is necessarily criminal, such participation would be unlawful and there never could be a just war.⁹ He admits that "such as secretly combine and slay the tyrant who is invading their city do well;" and¹⁰ in the warfare of bees finds "an exemplar of how wars may be orderly and justly waged." It has been urged that these are arguments *ad hominem*; nay, they are appeals *ad humanitatem*, our common human nature against which Christians were no traitors. St. Athanasius¹¹ does not hesitate to write, "To slay adversaries in war is lawful and worthy of praise." There is, of course, no lack of patristic passages deprecating personal vengeance or armed resistance to persecution, but the following from Lactantius¹² is, I believe, the only text that covers, and it more than covers, the Quaker contention: "Neither shall it be lawful for the righteous man to

¹ Orat. in ob. Theod. op. t. II. p. 1200.

² De Offic. op. t. I. p. 54.

³ Joan. c. 18.

⁴ In Luc. lib. x. n. 53.

⁵ Ap. Galland, t. III. p. 597.

⁶ De Idolat. 117 a.

⁷ Apolog. p. 28.

⁸ Cont. Cels. lib. viii. n. 73.

⁹ Lib. I. n. 1.

¹⁰ Lib. iv. n. 82.

¹¹ Ep. ad Amun. op. t. II. p. 960.

¹² Div. Institut. I. vi. c. 20.

engage in warfare whose warfare is neither more nor less than righteousness. Neither may he accuse any one of a capital crime. For it makes no difference whether you slay with the sword or with the tongue, since the slaying itself is forbidden. Wherefore to this commandment of God there must be no exception, but always is it sinful to slay man, whom God has elected to be an inviolably sacred animal."

As to the position taken by such writers as Tertullian and Origen, it must be remembered that for two very serious reasons military service was grievously distasteful to the early Christians: first, because it frequently involved or at least risked a participation in idolatrous cultus; second, because it was a conspicuously secular occupation, an entanglement with a world which according to their conception was hastening to its dissolution.

With the exception I have mentioned, I can find no absolute condemnation of war in the writings of the early Church, and most certainly there is no consensus to that effect.

I would entreat the Society of Friends no longer to overweight their laudable efforts for peace with the untenable hypothesis upon which I have felt it my duty to comment. If it is of importance that those who have Christian objects at heart should understand one another; should agree where they can, and where they cannot, at least have a distinct idea of their line of difference, then it is every one's concern that this extravagant misconception of the doctrine of Christ and of the early Church should be finally evicted from the manifestoes of the seekers after peace.

Let it be assumed then, in accordance with the common sense of mankind, that war is sometimes just and to be entered on with soberness indeed, and a deep sense of responsibility, but yet with the confidence that, under the

circumstances, it is a work like other works of danger and difficulty, which it has been given into our hand to do. When, however, we go on to ask as a practical question what kind of war is lawful, that is to say, what are the objects and conditions justifying war, it is exceedingly difficult to give an answer that shall be at once precise and comprehensive. Still we may, perhaps, discuss intelligently what we are unable to define.

Many persons will be inclined to take their stand upon the distinction between defensive and offensive warfare, and to insist that the former is always, the latter never, justifiable. No doubt there is truth underlying this position, and the distinction is of ethical value. But is the position thus absolutely stated capable of being maintained? I think not: neither member appears to me unassailable. I recollect when the Franco-Prussian war had entered upon its second stage, after Sedan, and had become on the French side of a purely defensive character, it was debated in the English press how far France had any right to maintain a hopeless conflict. The general principle was admitted on all sides that for a nation to fight absolutely without hope of success was immoral; but the papers that defended France, the *Spectator* and the *Pall Mall*, if I am not mistaken, defended and applauded her precisely because, having an off chance, though of the slenderest, she took it at the extremest risk for honor's sake. Analogously a woman to defend her chastity may risk her life to any extent so long as the barest chance of escape discriminates her action from suicide. No one, I suppose, to take an example at hand, would justify Spain in renewing her war with America to save the Philippines unless she could find an efficient ally. Not all defensive war, then, can be pronounced justifiable.

As to the second member of the position, must we await the attack of a wild beast before we fire, and may not a barbarous or semi-barbarous nation, or even a civilized nation in a certain stage of excitement, fall under the same category? Thus what is technically a measure of offence may be in reality an act of anticipated defence. In the Franco-Prussian war the French, who struck the first blow, always maintained, and with considerable plausibility, that the situation was forced by their adversary. So curiously elusive is sometimes the term "defence" that I am reminded of the quaint Vulgate rendering in the Book of Judith, cap. 2: "*Factum est verbum in domo Nabuchodonosor regis Assyriorum ut defenderet se. Vocavitque omnes majores natu omnesque bellatores suos, et habuit cum eis mysterium consilii sui: dixitque cogitationem suam in eo esse ut omnem terram suo subjugaret imperio.*" I must confess to some searchings of heart lest a Continental critic should apply this passage to England.

As I have already admitted, there is a serious ethical value in the distinction of aggressive and defensive warfare; the difficulty lies in the application to particular cases. A war in which a nation defends its fatherland, or such extensions thereof as are admittedly its own, is altogether just and righteous. "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,*" and to this judgment of mankind God Himself does not refuse His sanction. On the other hand, a mere war of conquest, in which the object for which a nation or its ruler fights is merely material aggrandisement, must lie beneath the censure both of earth and heaven as an offence against humanity and a violation of the ἀγραπτα κάσφαλῇ θεῶν νόμιμα. So far without further particularization it is easy enough to pronounce with confidence. But how about hinterlands and legitimate spheres of influence? Here

with candid minds it is not difficult *injicere scrupulum*, and hence a copious harvest of commissions of inquiry and arbitration. Still, of all this sphere, supposing it acquired by a natural *quasi*-necessary process without obvious unfairness, it may be said that it is practically aggregated to the fatherland in defence of which a nation may justly fight. Yet, even as we are told in Ecclesiasticus that "between buying and selling, sin cleaveth like a stake in the wall," so indubitably is it with many such acquisitive transactions and their issues in war.

It may tend to clearness of view, if, putting aside the two instances already mentioned of the obviously just and the obviously unjust, the palmary examples of defensive and aggressive warfare, we turn our attention to the various objects that have motivated war since the Christian era, though our list can hardly be an exhaustive one.

In considering the war sentiment throughout the Middle Ages, one is struck with the extent in which war is accepted as a natural condition of things. Kings hunt a good deal between whiles to keep themselves in wind, but fighting is the serious engagement of their life. Thus theologians, commenting on the sin of David, insist that he fell precisely because "at the time when kings go forth to war" he was lounging idly in his garden after his noonday sleep.

Then, if you have an army, and kings were bound to have armies, you must exercise it, or its armor will grow rusty and its horses wanton or weary in their stalls. And then what a shame to possess so noble an instrument and make no adequate use thereof! Marmion's sentiment found on all sides a ready echo, its profanity apart,

For, by Saint George, were that host
mine,
Not power infernal nor divine
Should once to peace my soul incline,

Till I had dimmed their armor's shine
In glorious battle fray!

Or, to turn to a sordid comic counterpart, we have Falstaff! "What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars, is there not employment? doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it." Nevertheless, a mediæval war was almost always carefully based upon a legal plea, often very slender and eminently disputable, but at least serving as a badge of pretensive justice. On the whole, such of these wars as were not mere brigandage deserve the name of war for war's sake, in which the motive of war is the actual fighting. Another very prevalent form of war was respectably motivated as frontier preservation, such as for centuries prevailed on the marches of England and Scotland. The object was defence, but it was carried out by a succession at longer or shorter intervals of what were called "warden raids;" each country in turn invaded the other, with the object, it would seem, of emphasizing the blessings of peace, and of impressing upon its neighbor the necessity of practically confining itself to its own land; the limitation of the ebbing and flowing tide ultimately constituting a barrier. This is on a strictly Conservative principle, and, regard being had to the wild habits of the time, may pass.

On the other hand, rectification of frontier, though cherishing a flavor of Conservatism, inasmuch as the ideal is supposed to be there already in the logic of the *status quo*, in fact imports an element of conquest; at least, I never knew of any one fighting for leave to withdraw in deference to the claim of an ideal boundary, although the sit-

uation is by no means an inconceivable one. It has been maintained that the Franco-Prussian War was a war for the rectification of frontier, the one country feeling the necessity of being girdled by the Rhine, the other by the fortresses of Alsace and Lorraine.

Another form of war we may term "the war of redemption," a war undertaken for the deliverance of a subject population from slavery or maltreatment, physical or spiritual, or from the isolation of barbarism. Under this head will fall many of the mediæval wars of religion. The Crusades in a large measure come under this category, although in these there enters a factor analogous, though in a very different order, to one we are familiar with in modern war, viz., the exploitation of some great good which is lying idle. In the Crusades it was the recovery of the Holy Places, with their storage of pious emotion which was lying useless, and worse than useless, in the hands of the infidel. In modern times, when Christianity is regarded as of dubious or at least of quite subjective advantage, we have instead the exploitation of trade, of agricultural and mineral resources—a civilization, in fact, lying together beyond the reach of the aborigines—to justify or excuse conquest.

Although there is here an ample field for delusion, and avarice often masquerades in the garb of philanthropy, I do not deny that the pioneers of civilization representing the great European Powers have a right to open up countries in the name of progress. I cannot pretend that savages, who do but abrade the surface of the earth like so many fowl, have established any exclusive and inviolable right to its possession; at the same time I should like to insist on the amendment urged by Las Casas and his brethren against Sepulveda and others, that the right to open up new countries to the influ-

ence of religion, or, I would add, to that of civilization, does not justify their absolute conquest, still less their enslavement.

It may be interesting to note that the policy of the religious wars of the Middle Ages, equally with that of our humanitarian and mercantile wars of to-day, was an advocacy of "the open door;" but then it was thought to be the door of heaven that was in debate, whilst now it is the door of trade. Both then and now motives were exceedingly mixed; a Crusader occasionally made a terribly good thing of it, and it can hardly be denied that, in spite of the genuine sentiment of philanthropy evoked by the desperately cruel mismanagement of the Spaniards in Cuba, the war sentiment in America was largely, I will not say inspired, but at least controlled, by commercial speculation of a selfish kind. If, however, power has its duties, it also has its rights. Although might is not right, it is often its condition, its *sine qua non*. If one has neither strength nor wealth sufficient to perform the duties appertaining to the government of a colony, the right to govern it lapses, and, where the colony cannot govern itself, must devolve upon the competent neighbor who has both. *A l'heure qu'elle est*, the system prevailing in Spain and Portugal, in which colonies are treated like milch cows for the sole benefit of the mother country, and cruelly at that, may be no longer tolerated.

Whilst this is so we cannot fail to mark, and thereat to hang our heads, that there is so little of the hero as a rule in the representative of modern philanthropy. He is certainly no Crusader. To him indeed, the feeble tyrant must pay the uttermost farthing, but the strong tyrant is suffered to pass by not unfrequently with marks of distinguished consideration. Whilst the Cuban half-caste is triumphantly vindicated from the Spanish lash, none have

taken thought for a long century to deliver the noble Polish nationality from the far more grinding tyranny of the Czar. But here, perhaps, Moral Theology may interpose her plea of a *grave incommodum*; of course, no such war may justly take place until the resources of diplomatic representation have been exhausted.

We might hope that questions concerning boundaries and hinterlands and spheres of influence, with the progress of civilization, might be once for all submitted to other arbitrament than that of the sword, were it not for a factor in human nature to which I would now direct attention. If a nation consent to retire within itself like a hedgehog within its prickles, as we see Switzerland within its mountain fastnesses, with little or no cosmopolitan outlook, modern nations are well content to leave it under its ancient laurels without putting its prowess to the test. In the case, however, of a nation like England, which is everywhere *en évidence*, and everywhere secures an ample share of what good things may be going, whilst at the same time it is conspicuously free from the least aspect of militarism, it is obvious that John Bull's puzzled companions must from time to time ask themselves whether the fat placid fellow is still able and willing to fight.

I am afraid the credit accruing to us from our great war at the beginning of the century is a rapidly diminishing quantity, and that it does not admit of much reinforcement either from essays on Nelson and Wellington, or even from the explosion of many Dervishes. In the political as in the mercantile world credit will do much, nay, almost anything; but in the one case there must be the hard cash behind the honored name to be now and again exhibited, in the other to back the brave words there must be an occasional display of hard knocks.

It is humiliating but certainly true and very dangerous to forget that nations may hardly pretend to more than the morality of the average schoolboy, who must win and keep his place in public estimation by showing his readiness to fight for it, and who may only convince his public of that readiness by occasional fighting. The moment comes when it is for the interests of the scholastic community that the aggressive bravo should be taught in the only way open to him that his peaceful rival is not a coward, and the authorities, if they are wise, discreetly look another way.

Though a state contain amongst its subjects as many practical Christians as you choose to suppose, the State as such, so far as its external relations with its neighbors are concerned, will be little other than a brute, a generous, kindly, temperate brute if you will, at best furnishing as it were the equine substratum of a centaur in which the individual may be absorbed waist deep, but hardly further.

In other words, a State in its external relations is an imperial entity, not a human personality. Its Christian statesmen must restrain its action within the broad lines of justice, and bring about as far as may be an identification of its interests with cosmopolitan interests; but its primary paramount interest is self-protection, and the self-sacrifice which is so often the crown of individual perfection can in a State never be other than an imbecility. Whatever men can invest in a common stock must needs be something short of their highest interest and aspiration, which appertains to an incommunicable individuality. State interests are, as it were, a deposit in which individuals in accordance with a natural law have invested what they are able to regard as a common property, and it must be administered on strictly business principles. The State,

then, is not a function of the highest ethical centre, even in the order of nature, still less in the supernatural order to which Christianity belongs. It may be controlled by, it cannot be reconstituted on, purely Christian principles. Neither has the most Christian statesman the right so to reconstitute it, or to deal with it as so reconstituted, for he is concerned with a property which is not his own but another's—viz., the community's.

It was from forgetting this that England, after its defeat in the Transvaal, was submitted to the opprobrium of the Boer Convention and balked of its final victory. The warmest admirer of Mr. Gladstone must needs shudder at the outcome of this ghastly attempt to foist a Sunday-school conscience behind the iron ribs of war. Whatever good reason there may have been for recognizing that our claims of sovereignty in the Transvaal rested on a mistaken view of native sentiment, and however fairly such recognition might have been allowed to affect the ultimate settlement, the game of war once entered upon should have been played out until it was either lost or won.

To this the honor of the country was fully pledged; for this much she stood engaged to the young soldiers who fell in her inauspicious preludes, that their loss should either be redeemed in the full blood of their country's victory, or solemnly accepted in her defeat. Never before in our history has an English Minister thus misapplied a Gospel text, and turned his country's cheek to the smiter.

The most common, the most inevitable of the causes of war in our day promises to be the collision between undemonstrative assurance on the one side and witless contempt on the other; the precise distribution of explosive matter between box and match is unimportant. If "our doves," as The

Times of Crimean days called the Quakers, who at the last moment besieged Nicholas with entreaties for peace, are allowed to clothe us in their drab, and attune our voices to their mellifluous coolings; if Mr. Gladstone's conscience is still to whisper in the Imperial Council; or, more unseemly still, if the *hysterica passio* of certain notorious agitators be allowed to engage attention, it will take a long course of heavy fighting for the text of England's mind to be fairly read and understood of the nations.

The problem which peace-loving persons have to face is this: how they may entertain such peaceful alternatives as arbitration, to which they instinctively incline, yet so as not inevitably to accumulate in the near future an irresistible momentum towards war.

Let us suppose that before the current year is out we find ourselves at war with France and Russia; it may be well, before concluding this paper, to give a glance at its probable conditions. We shall be almost certainly without allies; at best Germany will stand neutral. America will yield us her good-will, which I conceive to imply that she would stretch a point in our favor by way of systematic blockade-running, supposing that after a severe naval defeat the cutting off of our food supply was to begin.

We must realize that a great change has taken place in naval warfare since the day when for every ship we lost we captured five, and were thus able to rehabilitate our fleets largely from foreign dockyards. Now it would seem that where ironclads are seriously handled they may indeed be wiped out but hardly captured. The survival tends to be an arithmetical remainder, and victory a result rather than an achievement. Modern fleets resemble too closely the "fleet of glass" Tennyson sings of in "Sea Dreams," "the

brittle fleet . . . near'd, touched, clinked and clashed, and vanished."

The war marine of to-day knows nothing of the stout timbers which the old-world tars had so often to thank for their safety after their ship had gone to pieces. Assuredly an added pathos and solemnity invests its freight of men and boys, as a modern battleship clears for action, that for them no chapter of accidents is likely to be interposed between "to be" and "not to be."

I have often wondered whether a wooden fleet under international protection might not assist with modern appliances to rescue the crews of exploded battleships.

The increased destructiveness of modern warfare has often been used to aggravate the repulsiveness of war. On the other hand, it must be remembered that under the touch of civilization war has lost some of its most offensive features. The condition of non-combatants is immensely relieved, and we may regard the sack which gave defenceless women and children to the mercy of a maddened soldiery, and the bombardment of unfortified towns and harbors, as henceforth excluded from the casualties of civilized warfare.

I believe that the state of war is not only by no means the greatest of all evils, but that it is calculated to evoke some of the best qualities of human nature, giving the spirit a predominance over the flesh. This is not only true of the actual belligerents, but also in its measure of all those who care for them at home. I remember asking a little boy from one of our orphanages why he had chosen to be a sailor. He answered very simply, "I thought that as a sailor I should always be in danger of death, and so should always be able to make a good act of contrition."

Fear has been sometimes expressed amongst us as to whether the prevalence of scientific destructive machin-

ery, especially on shipboard, has not neutralized the once predominating value of British pluck. At first the tendency may be in this direction, but ultimately I do not believe in the subjection of soul to matter. No doubt our pluck must become more and more intelligent and more and more at home in the realm of scientific force. If with the Dervishes we too in our turn have to charge Maxims, it must be by the path of least exposure, and with a clear knowledge of what Maxims can do. In the long run I do not think that British pluck will be either calmed by electricity or pulverized by dynamite. It will remain what it has always been, keen, cool, and, along the line of the best chance open, absolutely regardless of consequences. Alas! much heroic effort, more than ever before, will be sterile except for example, but a percentage will succeed and it will suffice. To this I hold until outfaced by experience, for, if this fail me, from a national point of view there would be little worth holding. With Rudyard Kipling in his ballad of the "Clampher-down," I believe that a British crew is still capable of tearing victory from the jaws of death,

As it was in the days of long ago,
And as it still shall be.

And is this all, and can the Church
and the Churches, as they call them-

The Nineteenth Century.

selves, do nothing towards peace? Has every nation an unchristened right hand?

I do not venture to say what the Church can do and what she cannot do in such a matter. I know she has sometimes brought about arbitration when otherwise arbitration would have been impossible. But if I am right in thinking that certain wars are in the nature of things inevitable, I would suggest that where the Church might most successfully intervene is not before but after the war, in order to prevent it degenerating into a traditional hatred between the combatants. For it is not the loss of fleet or army that constitutes the unforgivable offence, but the extravagant conditions exacted by the victor. It is hopeless, I suppose, to ask that each of the belligerents should pay his own expenses; but in such wars as I have been last considering, where the objective is so largely to have the matter out and clear the atmosphere, is it too much to expect the successful one to be emphatically generous? In such a case the Church might intervene with advantage.

It is right to pray for peace, for this supposes peace with honor. But a selfish turn might easily be given to the prayer if we emphasize the phrase "in these our days," as though relegating an accumulation of war to our posterity.

H. I. D. Ryder.

THE RECORD OF A LIFE.

An autobiography, or a confidential diary, affords an opportunity for the display of many attractive and engaging qualities. It may be instructive, amusing, and ingenious. It may contain interesting facts not hitherto re-

vealed to the world, or valuable judgments passed by the writer upon his contemporaries, or vivid descriptions of *choses vues*. But there is one virtue without the presence of which all other excellences are as naught, and that

virtue is candor. Any attempt to pose, any tendency to strike an attitude, is fatal. It is notorious how apt autobiographers are to be lacking in this one essential. In analysing his own character—"the other fellow" (to wit himself), as Laurence Lockhart used to say—a man, consciously or unconsciously, sets down what he desires to set down. In discussing the motives which prompted a particular action, he colors his picture with tints borrowed from subsequent experience and reflection. Thus he never comes to close quarters with his readers, who are quick to detect the ring of insincerity. Whatever merits or defects this remarkable volume¹ may possess, no one can deny its absolute straightforwardness. You feel instinctively that the writer is in good faith; and, whether you approve or disapprove, whether you censure or applaud, you cannot help acknowledging the frankness of the record. No one line is written for mere effect; not one sentence but is stamped with the unmistakable hallmark of the writer's mind and heart.

Mrs. Oliphant had originally designed her autobiography for a legacy to her sons; but after their death she continued the work, avowedly with a view to posthumous publication.

"How strange it is to me," she exclaims, "to write all this with the effort of making light reading of it, and putting in anecdotes that will do to quote in the papers and make the book sell! It is a sober narrative enough, heaven knows! and when I wrote it for my Cecco [her younger son] to read, it was all very different; but now that I am doing it consciously for the public, with the aim (no evil aim) of leaving a little more money, I feel all this to be so vulgar, so common, so unnecessary, as if I were making pennyworths of myself."

It is difficult to believe that the narrative could have been more free from

affectation and pretence, more open and more intimate, if the original purpose of the writer had not been altered by the crushing blow which made her once happy home "empty, cold, and silent," and left her waiting, longing, in earnest expectation, for "the one event to come, which will, I hope and believe, do away with all the suffering past, and carry me back a happy woman to my family." We will not call this book a human document; we will not say that it echoes with the true *cri du cœur*. Such phraseology would have moved Mrs. Oliphant to just indignation and disgust. She detested all cant, and none more than that of introspection—the jargon of the "*psychologues*." But here is, no question, that combination of qualities which those slang terms so inadequately express. He who seeks an elaborate exposition of changes of belief—a pompous recital of how a first reading of Hegel made the writer think this, and a prolonged study of Mr. Herbert Spencer made her think that—will, indeed, go empty away. Those who care for complacent whimperings over the loss of a creed never seriously held, or who love the lucubrations of such as brood, with a self-pitying, self-satisfied melancholy, upon the ruins of a faith which has yielded to the "pressure of the German historical movement" (Mesopotamic phrase!)—such persons may be directed to go elsewhere. To them this must needs appear the eminently "prosaic little narrative" which Mrs. Oliphant avows it to be. But over the more ordinary members of the human race, who have little taste for reasoning high on such matters, it will cast an irresistible spell. Its power and attraction are not to be gauged by mere extracts. It must be read as a whole—the correspondence (so admirably selected and arranged by

¹ The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. Arranged and Edited by Mrs.

Harry Coghlin. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1899.

Mrs. Coghill) illustrating Mrs. Oliphant's own story; and, so read, it cannot, we should imagine, appeal in vain to any save the most stolid or the most supercilious of mankind.

Mrs. Oliphant's was not a life of incident or adventure. Chance brought her acquainted with a certain number of celebrities, and made her intimate with a very few; but she was no lion-hunter, and she admits, with great good-humor and enjoyment, the justice of the complaint made by a Jewish patroness of the fine arts, who used to ask her to her parties, that "she never did herself any justice" in general society. Her father had a small place in the Customs; his means permitted him to live only in the quietest way; and he nourished a strong and ever-growing dislike to the company of people outside his family circle. Hence, though by no means bred in a "mental greenhouse" (for her mother seems to have been a typical Scotswoman of the best school) Margaret Wilson's sole amusement in youth was found in books, newspapers, and magazines; and hence, no doubt, the habit of writing, which she formed early in life, became to her almost a second nature. "I always disliked paying visits," she says, "and felt myself a fish out of water when I was not in my own house." During the last thirty years of her life, when her position in the world of letters was assured, she resided principally at Windsor, and this effectually precluded the possibility of dining-out in London. Luncheons and afternoon parties in town were, of course, practicable, and these she sometimes attended, much against her will. In spite, however, of her distaste for the commerce of society, she had considerable knowledge of the world, acquired, no doubt, partly from natural shrewdness, and partly from frequent travel. That she was a keen judge of character the present volume alone

makes abundantly plain. She possessed the faculty of making people talk, and with it (one may conjecture) the more dangerous art of "pulling people's legs," as it is elegantly termed nowadays. True, she repudiates with some warmth the impeachment of having been "a student of human nature," or of having acted as a spy upon her friends in any way. But, both in the autobiography and in the letters, there are thumbnail sketches which disclose the same gifts of observation and humor as characterize her best novels. Such a sketch, for example, is her account of Mrs. Duncan Stewart's entertainments in Sloane Street, or her description of the people whom she came across when in pursuit of information about Edward Irving—people who were eager to impart much, if not all, about themselves, but were quite oblivious of the object of her inquiries. There are also many charming vignettes of men and women—of Mr. Storey, now Principal of Glasgow University, of the Tullochs, of Montalembert, of John Ruffini, of Mr. and Mrs. Blackett, of Robert Macpherson and his wife, of Lord Tennyson, and, above all, of Miss Isabella Blackwood, a constant correspondent and intimate friend of Mrs. Oliphant's, and a woman of singular ability. The picture of the Carlyles, "that much maligned and much misunderstood pair," is charming. From the Sage she received nothing but "perfect courtesy and kindness." He praised her "*Life of Edward Irving*" in very handsome terms—terms so gratifying that, as she writes herself to Mr. John Blackwood, "for the space of a night and a day I *was* uplifted and lost my head." "I was never more delighted with any man," she continues; "I am ready henceforth to stand up for all those peculiarities which other people think defects, and to do battle for him whenever I hear him assailed." To his wife Mrs. Oliphant became

strongly attached, recognizing in her something of the strong sense and ready wit which had distinguished her own mother. But admirable as these interludes are, and excellent as are the anecdotes (*not* "put in to quote in the papers") with which many of the letters are enlivened, it is upon Mrs. Oliphant's own personality that the interest is chiefly concentrated, and it is the development of her character that the reader watches most attentively.

Mrs. Oliphant was born on the 10th of June, 1828, and was married on the 4th of May, 1852. On the morning of her marriage she received the proof-sheets of "*Katie Stewart*," an outward and visible sign, as it were, of the beginning of a connection with "*Maga*" which lasted for more than five-and-forty years. "*Katie Stewart*"—that exquisite little work—was not, however, Mrs. Oliphant's first effort in literature. "*Margaret Maitland*" had been published by Colburn in 1849, when the author was twenty-one, and had been followed by other novels of decidedly inferior merit. Lord Jeffrey's letter of congratulation to the anonymous author of "*Margaret Maitland*" will be read with much interest. The veteran critic was acute enough to guess the sex of the writer. Mrs. Oliphant herself did not display the same sagacity when the "*Scenes of Clerical Life*" and "*Adam Bede*" took the reading public by storm. Lord Jeffrey's praise must have been intensely gratifying to the beginner, whose early associations and surroundings, by the bye, were all Whig, if not Radical; but, considering his lordship's letter with a cool mind, we think that his eulogy was not one whit too strong, and that, in his fault-finding, he was, if anything, hypercritical. It was well for Mrs. Oliphant that her barque was thus safely and satisfactorily launched upon the sea of letters, for, after her marriage, she was the main support of the household. Her

husband's business—that of an artist and designer of painted windows—proved the reverse of remunerative. Finally his health broke down, and after the removal of the household to Italy in the vain hope that Mr. Oliphant might there recover health, he died at Rome in 1859. During their stay in Italy the family, which now included a son and daughter, were principally dependent for subsistence upon advances made by Mr. John Blackwood on the faith of articles to be written by Mrs. Oliphant for his Magazine. Probably Mr. Blackett also made similar remittances. At her husband's death Mrs. Oliphant found herself in these circumstances: "I had for all my fortune about £1000 of debt, a small insurance of, I think, £200 on Frank's life, our furniture laid up in a warehouse, and my own faculties, such as they were, to make our living and pay off our burdens by." A posthumous child was born, and then, with the assistance of Mr. Blackwood and Mr. Blackett, Mrs. Oliphant returned to this country, where, after staying for some months with her brother at Birkenhead, and afterwards at Elie in Fife (the scene of "*John Rintoul*"), she settled for the winter in Fettes Row, Edinburgh. It was during her residence there that, when things seemed at their very worst, she began the Carlingford series—the most satisfactory and the most popular group of her novels. They "*almost made me one of the popularities of literature*," is her wistful commentary upon them. She retells the story of her interview with Mr. John Blackwood and "*the Major*," which readers of the "*Annals of a Publishing House*" are not likely to have forgotten. Truly the tide turned for her at the right moment. She never made so much out of her writings as some of her contemporaries—as Anthony Trollope, for example, or Miss Muloch. "*Yet I have done very well*,"

she admits, "for a woman, and a friendless woman with no one to make the best of me, and quite unable to do that for myself. I never could fight for a higher price, or do anything but trust to the honor of those I had to deal with." After a winter in Fettes Row, she moved to Ealing, which was her headquarters until she went to Windsor for the education of her boys.

Now let the reader mentally place himself or herself in the situation in which Mrs. Oliphant stood after her husband's death, always postulating, of course, a certain faculty for writing, and a certain established position in the world of letters. What course would he pursue? We imagine that a prudent person, on arriving in England from abroad, would seek out some low-rented house in some country-town where education was cheap, or even in some altogether rural district; would cut down expenses as far as possible and live with the strictest economy; would direct his or her efforts to paying off outstanding debts and thereafter to laying something by, as the phrase runs, "for a rainy day." Not so Mrs. Oliphant. Deliberately and with open eyes she adopted a policy which necessarily involved her being always behindhand with the world. Her avowals as to this "plan of campaign" are astoundingly outspoken. Nothing but the best of everything was good enough for her. She hated small economies. To travel expensively was "her way." She never would travel second-class. "I never liked second-class journeys nor discomforts of that kind." Rather than face a twelve hours' passage across the Channel she drove from St. Malo to Roulogne. She had none of what she calls "the faculty of economies" in her. She stayed at the very best and most expensive hotels; she dressed in the richest of silks and satins; she insisted on producing champagne for her guests at dinner. To

most people in her circumstances a "main-door" in Fettes Row and the boys going to the neighboring Edinburgh Academy would have represented the summit of ambition. Fettes Row is uninviting enough in all conscience. But the Academy had revived classical learning in the Scottish secondary schools; it had introduced athletics into Scottish school-life; and it holds its own to-day in the face of severe competition. Yet the Academy, which was good enough for most Scottish parents five-and-thirty years ago, was not good enough for Mrs. Oliphant. It must be either Eton or Harrow, and Eton it turned out to be.

But that was not all. Shortly after her removal to Windsor in order that her boy Cyril might go to Eton, her brother was ruined, and without an instant's hesitation she took upon herself the charge of his family. It meant the addition to her household of four people. No doubt, friends remonstrated with her for undertaking this enormous additional responsibility. Mr. John Blackwood, at all events, indulged a few years afterwards in a kindly warning, which elicited from her the following candid statement of her position:—

My money is almost always spent before I get it, or received just in time for pressing necessities, so that the pleasant sensation of feeling even three months clear before me is one which rarely occurs to me. I have four people, an entire family, three of them requiring an education, absolutely on my hands to provide for. My only chance of ever escaping from this burden is to train and push on my nephew into a position in which he can take this weight upon himself. This process is of course a great additional expense, and I cannot let my own boys suffer for what I am obliged to do for him. For the next three years, during which I shall have all three at work, I can look forward to nothing but a fight *à outrance* for money. . . . Now perhaps it would be wiser, with this tre-

mendous struggle before me, to retire from my pretty house and pleasant surroundings and go to some cheap village where I could live at less expense. I hold myself ready to do this should the necessity absolutely arise; but you will easily understand that while still in the full tide of middle life, I shrink from such a sacrifice, and would rather work to the utmost of my powers than withdraw from all that makes existence agreeable. . . . I never can save money, but if I can rear three men who may be good for something in the world, I shall not have lived for nothing.

That this course involved the sacrifice of the ambition to do the very best work, Mrs. Oliphant was well aware. At the time, she tells us, with extraordinary frankness, "it seemed rather a fine thing to make that resolution; but now I think that if I had taken the other way, which seemed the less noble, it might have been better for all of us." It was really easier to her, she says, "to keep on with a flowing sail [the inappropriate adjective is characteristic], to keep my household and a number of people comfortable, at the cost of incessant work, and an occasional great crisis of anxiety, than to live the self-restrained life which the greater artist imposes upon himself." Time after time she repeats this view in the autobiography. The "easy swing of life" was what she loved. "I had enough to carry me on easily, almost luxuriously, but not enough to save." A little extra expense could always be made up for by a little extra exertion.

What wonder that life for her was "always at hand, if not at high, pressure?" Well, indeed, might she liken herself to Prometheus, "the man chained to the rock, with the vultures swooping down upon him!" Think of it: always forestalling money earned, so that the price of a book was generally eaten up before it was printed; always owing somebody, "though never owing anybody to any unreasonable

amount;" and with awful moments when some dreadful corner seemed impassable, which somehow was always rounded! Was it tempting Providence or trusting God? she herself asks. Who shall say? It is assuredly not for us to decide. We may note, at all events, that in one respect her calculations were justified; the power of work lasted practically as long as life. Never was her skill more conspicuous than in the interval between Cecco's death and her own. Her sons, for whom she thus slaved, were taken from her. They no longer required a provision. If the line she followed was mistaken, surely she suffered a more than adequate penalty in the exquisitely bitter reflection that to some extent their failure to find a footing in life was due to her solicitude and indulgence.

There is, however, one consideration which rises irresistibly to the mind in reviewing the course which Mrs. Oliphant mapped out for herself and consistently followed. If she was able to ride in first-class carriages, to stay at the best hotels, to educate her sons at Eton, to travel all over the Continent, to make a pilgrimage even to Jerusalem, whence came the money to meet the inevitable expense? The answer is very simple,—from her publishers. They acted as her bankers: they advanced money to her on the security of her health of body and vigor of mind. It may very well be that if Mrs. Oliphant had been beforehand with the world, she might have commanded better prices. You cannot expect a capitalist to let you have the use of his capital for absolutely nothing. Dickens has explained this aspect of a much-debated question with great force and clearness.³ But it is certain that, as

³ "He was equally intolerant of every magnificent proposal that should render the literary man independent of the bookseller. . . . 'What does it come to?' he remarked. 'You and I know very well that in nine cases out of ten the author is at a disadvantage with the pub-

matters actually stood, Mrs. Oliphant would have had to forego most of the luxuries and comforts by which she set as much store as anybody else, had it not been for the ready aid of those who "financed" her. In what other calling would she have been so fortunate? Perhaps, if she had been a painter, a picture-dealer might have advanced her a few guineas. But we know of no "profession" other than letters in which remuneration can be anticipated to the same amount and on the same terms. Solicitors do not finance barristers to the tune of several thousands. A struggling surgeon will probably fail to raise a five-pound note on the strength of a promise to cut off the lender's leg if called upon to do so. When the countless iniquities of "the trade" are rehearsed by prosperous and well-fed authors, let not the recording angel fail to note that publishers have long done, and still continue to do, what is asked and expected of no man in any other kind of business.

From the point of view of literature, it would be affectation to pretend not to regret that Mrs. Oliphant drove herself so hard. She resented compliments to her industry; but she sometimes ran a serious risk of leaving nothing but her industry for people to compliment her upon. How remarkable it was, the present volume, with its full and excellent bibliography, gives ample indication. She had always an article on hand for "Maga" in the midst of her heaviest work. No other contributor, except Aytoun, approached her versatility and diligence, and the term of his connection with the Magazine was considerably shorter than hers. With the exception of purely political sub-

jects, there was almost no topic on which she was not prepared to write. Old-fashioned in her ideas, she preferred the system of anonymous to that of signed articles; but she held out vigorously for her own views when they were not in harmony with the Editor's, as the correspondence sufficiently testifies. She was extremely plain-spoken in her comments on the Magazine upon occasion, and in writing to the Editor did not hesitate to stigmatize any article as "dreadful nonsense" if she thought it so. As a critic she was fair and open-minded; not averse from "a little slashing" when that operation seemed necessary, and well able to apply the rod to serious delinquents. Her opinions were strongly held, and sometimes, perhaps, prevented her from catching the true drift of ideas with which she was unfamiliar. Yet she had no "fads" or eccentricities, no logs to roll, no axes to grind; and in the great majority of cases her views were both sensible and sound. Long practice had endowed her with a species of instinct for discovering the salient points of a book at a mere glance and on the first turning over of the leaves. The knack of what is called "journalism" she possessed in an unusual degree. Her "copy," particularly in the case of her more important articles, was often delayed till the last possible moment, but never longer. She was extraordinarily apt and ready at taking up a hint, and at working into her articles any new line of thought or argument suggested to her, provided always that it did not conflict with her own prejudices or convictions. In that case she was tenacious to the point of obstinacy; nor did she face the task of recasting a completed work with any more equanimity than her neighbors. Yet, when the first shock of annoyance was past, she was often wise enough to profit by distasteful advice; and "The Beleaguered City" is a strik-

lisher, because the publisher has capital and the author has not. We know perfectly well that in nine cases out of ten money is advanced by the publisher before the book is producible—often long before."—*Forster's Life of Dickens*, III. 451.

ing instance of judicious, though at the time, perhaps, reluctant, deference to the counsels of another. She wrote *currente calamo*. It was impossible to foretell what length her articles would "run to:" she herself had probably little notion when she took up her pen. Hence a slight readjustment of balance or proportion might sometimes have effected a perceptible improvement. But these shortcomings were trivial indeed in comparison with her abounding merits. No periodical was ever better or more loyally served by a contributor: not the "Quarterly" by Croker, not the "Saturday Review" by Venables, scarce even "Maga" herself by John Wilson or Professor Aytoun.

Mrs. Oliphant's attitude to her "art" was eminently sane and healthy. "I have written because it gave me pleasure," she says, "because it came natural to me, because it was like talking or breathing, besides the big fact that it was necessary for me to work for my children." She never knew that freedom from human ties which she notes as one of the most singular traits in Laurence Oliphant and his wife. "I have always had to think of other people, and to plan everything—for my own pleasure, it is true, very often, but always in subjection to the necessity which bound me to them." She had none of the airs and graces of those who take themselves seriously.

"You make me nervous," she writes to Mr. John Blackwood about "Miss Majoribanks"—one of her very finest novels—"when you talk about the first rank of novelists, etc. Nobody in the world cares whether I am in the first or sixth. I mean I have no one left who cares, and the world can do absolutely nothing for me except giving me a little more money, which Heaven knows, I spend easily enough as it is. But all the same I will do my best, only please recognize the difference a little between a man who can take the good of his reputation, if he has any,

and a poor soul who is concerned about nothing except the most domestic and limited concerns."

Yet it would probably have been rash to take her at her word; and a homologation, express or implied, of that view by another would in all likelihood, as she herself owns, have discovered the artist's pride in the work of her hands. Unfavorable criticism she could endure, without in the least professing to be unscathed by its arrows. "What is the reputation of a circulating library to me?" she asks. Eulogy did not turn her head, a fact which she attributed to her "strong Scotch sense of the absurdity of a chorus of praise." If such a sense were truly Scottish once, it has now, we fear, become expatriated. *Laudari a laudatis* gave her unalloyed pleasure. The applause of men like Mr. Hutton or Mr. Kinglake—men whom she respected and whose work she admired—was indeed worth earning. What she could not tolerate was the "patronizing approbation" so often bestowed upon her by the press, and sometimes by thoughtless persons in private life—the "contemptuous compliments," as she describes them, which it was customary to pay to her "indefatigable industry," and the like. One may sympathize thoroughly with this feeling, while refusing to acknowledge that such a strain of praise was either unnatural or necessarily ill-natured.

In glancing at Mrs. Oliphant's career, we have confined our attention, as far as possible, to those aspects of it which are more directly of public interest, or which are closely associated with this Magazine and those responsible for its conduct. Upon its more private side, as disclosed in the pages before us, we confess that we have not the heart to enter, though in a sense it forms the distinctive feature of the book. The story is inexpressibly mel-

ancholy. As we read, we seem to hear the despairing cry of the Psalmist: "Will the Lord cast off for ever? Will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" Yet, bereft of husband and children, in the very midst of her awful desolation, Mrs. Oliphant, we are satisfied, would have echoed the inspired words in which the sacred writer answers his own agonizing doubts: "And I said, This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High." Her heart's desire was granted. Not long did she survive her younger son. Death came on the 25th of June, 1897,—almost at the very period at which she had prayed for its arrival. *Felix opportunitate mortis*, we may well call her.

When I die (such is her prediction), I know what people will say of me: they will give me credit for courage (which I almost think is not courage but insensibility, and for honesty and honorable dealing; they will say I did my duty with a kind of steadiness, not knowing

how I have rebelled and groaned under the rod. Scarcely anybody who cares to speculate further will know what to say of my working power and my own conception of it; for, except one or two, even my friends will scarcely believe how little possessed I am with any thought of it all—how little credit I feel due to me, how accidental most things have been, and how entirely a matter of daily labor, congenial work, sometimes now and then the expression of my own heart, almost always the work most pleasant to me, this has been.

We believe that the judgment of the public upon Mrs. Oliphant's life and character will be conceived in terms infinitely more favorable than she thus anticipated. But what, after all, does the verdict of her contemporaries or of posterity matter? She has passed to the bar of a Tribunal whose Justice and whose Mercy are infinite; and, in so far as it is permissible to mortals to attempt to penetrate within the veil, we may rest assured that she is reaping the reward allotted, by the express promise of the Almighty, to all those who in their day and generation have been good and faithful servants.

Blackwood's Magazine.

IN SIBERIA.

Dark sky,—and white dead earth,—famine and cold,
Held to chained labor in the accursèd mine.
Lost—kindred, home and fortune, here to pine,
Nor any more God's sunshine to behold.
Such doom is ours whose miseries are told
Where no man heeds or marks them. Line on line
We march like herded cattle in confine,

Our manhood crushed,—our honor robbed and sold.
We once had struggled when they ruthless brake
All that was precious,—now, that higher part,
Which stays the suicide for conscience sake,
Alone remaineth to the broken heart.
As sinks a river lapped in snow and frost,
We, too, must sink from sight,—forgotten,—lost.

A MUDDY CORNER.

The sun is at its highest and pouring down its rays directly on me as I crawl feet foremost through the grass, and down the gentle slope to "Muddy Corner." I have tried in vain leaving the gate ajar and going through it bent double, as the click of the latch has always started the birds off, even if the sight of me in the distance has not done so. While I am crawling, I can quite understand how it is that being "rubbed the wrong way" is the typical illustration of being subjected to irritating processes. As I go flat, inch by inch, inch by inch, face downwards (I weigh fifteen stone), not daring to breathe hardly, much less pant, I think I scrape up with my chin every bit of straw and every little stone that there is in the parish. And then, when I am through the railing, and get amongst the slush and mud, oh dear! my poor clothes! and the stickiness, and the sliminess! and I have to keep on crawling still! The long spear grass tickles my neck and scratches my face, but thank goodness it is beautifully cool now, as the copse and the bank are between me and the sun. Ah! there they are: I have beaten them this time. Even the old cock blackbird does not see me, or, if he does, he thinks it is either a veritable Goliath of a mole that is creeping along, or some strange creature without a face, that cannot do him any harm. There are three plovers, several water-hens, two red-shanks, two snipe, five blackbirds, a woodpecker, and, by all the mud that is on me, there are two thick-knees! Some wood-pigeons and a turtle-dove are promenading on the edge of the crowd, and two rats, with eyes so bright that I can see them shining here, where I am, quite twenty yards away, keep stealing in and out, or sit on their

haunches watching. It is a happy little Eden of mud, and there is no serpent nor anything like one near, for even the frogs have left the spot and gone to the pond round the corner of the Corner. The swallows fly over all, their white breasts and swift gliding motion sending flashes of light and purity on the black, oozy mud that make one forget how rotten and filthy it is. The glorious sun gleams in, too, betwixt the last post of the rails and the gray moss-covered tree that stands at the edge of the Corner,

. . . and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendor of his precious
eye,
The meager cloddy earth to glittering
gold.

This must have been a "muddy corner" of some kind or other for countless generations, as two summers since, when it was all but dry, I picked up two rough flint ice picks from the middle of it, that had, no doubt, been lying there since they were dropped by the men of that time, so far back, of which the poet speaks:

By the swamp in the forest
The oak branches groan,
As the savage primeval,
With russet hair thrown
O'er his huge naked limbs, swings
his hatchet of stone.

On the swamp in the forest
One clear star is shown,
And the reeds fill the night with
A long troubled moan—
And the girl sits and sobs in the
darkness—alone.

Why, one of my flints may be the very one that the sabre-tooth's victim let fall!

This whole piece of land was, no

doubt, a swamp before it was drained, and the waters gathered into the run-let that made the moat of the Old Hall. "Muddy Corner" in its present form is a wide depression made in the moat for the servants from the Hall to come down to and get water from. When the ditch which now represents the moat is dry, this spot remains a quagmire and becomes the favorite resort of all kinds of birds, and especially of those that forage on the fens. In the early morning they gather round it, and fill the air with their cries. All day long, at such a time, there are birds hanging about it; but, lying as it does next the open on all sides but one, and on the wooded side next to a gate with a latch that goes off like a gun when it is opened, I have never been able to get near the wary creatures by upright means, and therefore I have been obliged to adopt the crawling method of doing so which I have just described.

Watching them at leisure as I am doing now, I can well see what fine, handsome birds green plovers, otherwise "lapwings," are. The brown purplish green of their plumage shines in the sun as they take their short, quick runs up and down with their narrow, three-inch-long crest erect, and every now and then rapidly putting their bills to the ground at the end of each little run, and then raising them again without picking anything up. The robin has a somewhat similar habit, but he stoops his whole body as if gathering himself up for a longer leap. Does the lapwing do this as an aid to stopping himself short? The common name of the lapwing, "pee-wit," has given it a fame beyond that of most birds, as it and the cuckoo are the standing examples with philologists of the school that flouting opponents call the "school of the bow-wows," of the truth of their theory that language arose from man mim-

icking natural sounds. The peewit, however, is by no means as good an example as might be chosen, as this designation of the bird is national and modern. It is also indefinite as it does not exactly describe the cry of the bird. Our East Anglian "pee-weep" comes much nearer to the querulous sound it makes when disturbed. "Cuckoo," and "hoopoe," however, are as old, and apparently as universal, as language itself, and also represent with fidelity the cries of the birds so named. The lapwing is one of the birds that lays its eggs on the bare ground, frequently in the hollow made by the foot of a horse or cow that has been pastured on the marsh in wet weather, and sometimes in a dent on the top of a molehill or between the ridges of growing corn. Now and then the nest is lined with a few leaves or pieces of dry grass, but very often even the making of this scanty bed is too much trouble for the lapwing to take, and the eggs are placed on the naked soil. I wonder how many epicures know that four out of every five of the "plovers' eggs" they eat are not "plovers' eggs" at all, but gulls' eggs, generally those of the black-beaked gull? I cannot understand why a soft-headed person should be called "a gull," as the gull is one of the cleverest of birds, and far more likely to "gull" than to be "gulled." I always feel when I read such lines as the following how much the beautiful birds are slandered by them, and that "gull," when used in the sense of befooling any one, or to describe the person befooled, does not mean the bird; but that in reality it is "gulp," clipped short, and that the witlings described are so called because they are ready to swallow anything.

A gull is he which weares good handsome clothes
And stands in presence stroaking up his byere;

And fills up his imperfect speech with
oathes,
But speaks not one wise word through-
out the years.

But to define a *gull* in terms precise,
A *gull* is he which seems and is not
wise.

Old translation of "Ovid."

Not very far from here a gentleman makes quite a nice little annual fortune out of the eggs of the black-headed gulls that nest in thousands on an island standing in the middle of a mere on his grounds. They are sold in the London shops as plovers' eggs. The gulls generally lay a clutch of three eggs. Two clutches are removed, and the gull is allowed to hatch the third. I think of birds treated thus we may say with emphasis, "Poor gulls!"

The thick-knees are each of them comfortably standing on one long leg, with a quiet enjoyment of the sunshine and the flickering shadows it casts on the mud, which I, lying flat, and my chin well caked with the last, cannot attain to. I can see their remarkably prominent eyes, and also the thick knees that give them one of their names, for they have many. Here we call them "stone-curlews." In other parts of England they are known as "Norfolk plovers," or the "great plover," or the "thick-kneed bustard." The French call this bird "*l'ostardeau criard*" and "*le pluvier grand*," the former name being given to it from the sharp wailing note it makes in the morning and evening twilight. The Germans call it "*Grosser Braach Vogel*," because it is in the habit of frequenting uncultivated ground. Indeed, these two thick-knees are quite out of their usual beat here, as they live on the Warren, laying their two eggs amongst the pebbles and flints on the surface of the soil. The eggs assimilate so closely to the surrounding stones that it is generally the foot and not the eye

that discovers them. They vary in color, according to that of the stones among which they are placed. The clay-color eggs, with dark blotches on a ground of smoky purple, and ends of nearly equal breadth, look so much like gravel-stained flints that I think the old bird herself must occasionally make a mistake and try to put some warmth into some of the flints of that description which are scattered about their breeding ground. They have come down here after the tadpoles and small frogs, no doubt. It is said that, unlike other birds of the same genus, they eat the flesh of warm-blooded small animals, catching mice and young rats when they get the chance. They are, according to Gilbert White, the earliest migrant to arrive. He says that in 1788 they were heard at Selborne, as early as February 27. I have not, however, heard them calling here till early in April. This agrees with White's list in his first letter to Daines Barrington, in which he says that the stone-curlews usually appear at the end of March.

The young thick-knees vie with the eggs they are hatched from in their desire to be unobtrusive. When first hatched the nestlings are clothed in russet grey; by-and-by, a streak of brown shows itself in the center of each feather on the back, the whole plumage having a peculiar silky shine on it, exactly the same as that of the flints amongst which the fledglings run to cover at the approach of danger. As autumn advances the old birds become duller in appearance, the clear brown splash in the center of the feathers on the after parts becoming almost as russet as the other parts of the feather, and all the plumage, with the exception of the white underparts and the white line on each wing, gradually assuming a dingy appearance, so as to harmonize with that of soil and stones under a wintry sky. The thick-

knee is found all the year round in the south of France, and the countries lying south of it. It leaves England, northern France and Germany in October, and never travels farther north in England than the North Riding, where it is occasionally found. Like the nightingales, it objects to go farther west than Dorsetshire and Somersetshire. Like them, also, it is unknown in Scotland and Ireland.

The pair that are meditating in the mud are full-grown birds, weighing nearly a pound each, I should think, and are about eighteen inches long. Each of them is standing on a leg that is at least six inches in length.

The two rats are the only creatures that seem to suspect any danger. They evidently are aware that a strange animal of some kind or another is near at hand, and dart into the bank every half-minute, and then creep gingerly out again.

What pretty creatures they are, and how pitiful it is to think that they are merciless cannibals, slayers of the young and everything else that is bad, except that they seem to have a great reverence for the aged of their own kind when they are alive! There are numerous instances recorded of blind rats being guided by other rats to their food; and some years ago I frequently watched a rat, which was either infirm or blind, as it was being taken across a rather wide yard by two other rats, from its hole under the stable wall to the trough in the pigstye on the other side of the yard. And yet if a rat is killed in a trap it is at once eaten by other rats in preference to any other food that may be lying about. I doubt if rats eat eggs, and rather imagine they have to bear the sins of larger thieves, some of whom at least pose as "honorable men." I have known them constantly to run in and out of fowl and pigeon houses, and have never missed an egg.

They will take pigeons out of their nests and off their perches, and will wait twenty days till a clutch of chickens is on the point of being hatched, and then scoop them out of the eggs, and also make off with the hen if it is a bantam. After my experience this last summer I must give rats pre-eminence over all other animals for mental ability. I had been accustomed to their jumping clean through a hole in a wall, in the middle of which a trap was placed. I had heard on good authority that they would sweep the fan of a trap longways with their tails, so as to get the bait off without starting the trap; and I had known bait that had been nailed to a fallen tree repeatedly cleared off without the trap beneath being sprung. I could only account for this last feat being accomplished by one rat standing on another's shoulders and eating the bait while he was leaning over the trap and resting his forepaws on the trunk of the tree. As I also caught Mr. Rat at last by his two forelegs, I feel the more certain this is what he was doing. The only other way he could possibly have got the bait without being caught was by taking flying leaps at it lengthways, as the trunk of the tree had no bark on that he could scramble along, and it was also lying several inches off the ground. There were no footmarks or other signs of that having been done. This year, however, my rats excelled themselves. Several times the rat traps in the fowl-pens had gone off without anything being caught in them. On observing the traps closely I noticed that there were thick quill feathers in them. As I always placed the traps under carefully sifted sawdust, I, although it seemed incredible, was obliged to conclude that the rats had started the traps with feathers held in their mouths. I, therefore, most carefully swept a fowl-pen

out, leaving some feathers and pieces of stick lying outside, and set the traps again. The next morning two were sprung, one gripping a feather and the other a piece of wood, and the bait had disappeared. That day I carefully cleared away every feather or piece of stick that I could see lying anywhere near the fowl-pens. The next morning I found small bunches of short pieces of grass laid crosswise on the fans of the traps, so that if a rat had been caught in the bows of the trap it could easily have withdrawn its leg without injuring it. If this was not a proof of the exercise of reasoning faculties, I do not know what reason is. Anyhow I left the rats on that side the glebe almost entirely alone for the rest of the summer, as I felt they had earned the right to live. In spite of this kindness, one of them pulled from under the old hen three white chickens that were the pride of Harriet the poultry woman's heart! Unsparring vengeance did overtake that rat the next night.

As I lie here I can see the sunshine, as it falls between the branches, making great patches of light on the bark of the trees; these patches have flickering edges as the branches sway in different directions, and sometimes they disappear altogether. While they remain one can see how full the air is of insects, and what plentiful larders the trees are for the birds. These white patches are continually being crossed and recrossed by tiny spots of shadow that are cast from insects flitting backwards and forwards, or darker black spots go up and down them, these darker spots being insects that are crawling on the surface of the bark. The copse is quite still, and the insects have it all to themselves, as the swallows cannot get between the close branches, and it is too hot for other birds to be busy. The reflection from the leaves of the trees and the bright

moist-growing grass in the copse gives an olive hue to the atmosphere that is most uncanny. I can remember, that, as a boy, I always felt a creeping terror when in such places lest some strange creature should come out of the unearthly light and dreadful silence. I never felt this terror either in the dark, or when alone on the vastest stretch of open land, and lest it should overtake me now as it used to in the old days, I turn my eyes to Muddy Corner again.

I wonder if these are the snipe that rest in Snipe Corner, a good mile away, where the stream that goes through our parish joins the Eastmoor stream. I have never heard a snipe buzzing at this end of the fen, but at the Eastmoor end there are always two or three to be heard on a shining spring afternoon, buzzing away, sometimes in and sometimes out of sight. This "buzzing" of the snipes is one of the mysteries of bird life. Is the sound—which is something between the humming of a humble bee of *Brobdignag* and the noise made by beating an Indian tom-tom—made by the air whizzing through the pinions of the bird as it drops slantwise to the ground in its rapid zig-zag flights, or is it made by the bird forcibly expelling the air from its lungs through its closed mandibles? The Unsociable Snipe would be a good name for the bird when once its family is off its hands, because, while it is gregarious in the winter, it recognizes no leader, as rooks and geese do, and in searching for its food it pursues its own course without paying the least attention to the other members of the flock.

There are three English species of snipe: the common snipe, the jack snipe, and the great snipe. The last is—But I can bear my cramped position no longer, so all at once my elbows give way, and I go squash on the wet

soil. There is a scutter and rustle for a moment, a wild rush of wings, a shrieking laugh from the woodpecker,

a scream of "pee-weep;" and I am left spluttering and all alone in Muddy Corner.

Good Words.

Robert C. Nightingale.

THE VERY REV. CANON DOMENICO PUCCI, D. D.,

DOMESTIC PRELATE TO HIS HOLINESS.

I had told myself many a time that it was spendthrift folly to travel first-class. I even asseverated continually the fatuous lie that second-class was quite as nice as first. But to-day, a fit of good conduct being upon me, I was firmly resolved to go second.

The *queue* at the ticket-office was long, my place in it very far back, the ticket clerk, even for a Tuscan railway official, unusually slow. There were but five minutes to spare when I got to the window.

"A second single to Pistola, please?" I said, wincing as with an effort I got out the objectionable expression "second."

The ticket-clerk was grieved but polite. "I only distribute third-class tickets here, signore," he answered. "Have the complacency to step to the adjoining window."

I glanced at the adjoining window. There was another long *queue* there, another very deliberate clerk. If I took up my place at the end of the tail I should certainly miss the train. There was no time to hesitate, and so in despair I plunged, a glorious glow of heroic virtue suffusing my whole being. "Then favor me," I said, "with a third single to Pistola!"

But the prospect was not alluring. There are no padded third-class carriages on the Adriatic line. A number of hillmen back from the winter's work in Corsica were returning to their mountain homes above Pistola;

each carried a large sack of unfragrant wearing apparel; some of them had dogs between their knees; all of them spades, hoes, rakes, walking staves, great gourds, and a variety of impedimenta that littered the carriages across and across. It was near the dinner hour, too, and windows would be all tight shut, and (oh, horror!) garlic would be consumed and its redolence would remain. I walked up and down the train anxiously spying into every carriage. Near the engine I noticed a compartment nearly empty, and I noticed, what decided me to enter, a priest in one corner of it, for the Tuscan peasant still respects the priest, and I felt he would be some sort of protection.

I got in and sat down opposite to him. He was deep in the Florence Ultramontane paper, the *Unità Cattolica*, but raised his eyes as I seated myself and acknowledged my presence. I bowed in return, but he was already back in his paper, so I had nothing better to do than to observe and study him. He was an old man with close-cropped white hair, and the mildest pair of old eyes that I have ever seen. His forehead was low and narrowish, but the nose was large, aquiline and finely cut, indicating intellect and a certain firmness of purpose. He was refined-looking to the finger-tips, nay, aristocratic, with the clear mark of old family stamped on his whole being. What struck me was the ex-

treme neatness and cleanliness of his apparel. The white Roman collar and white cuffs were spotless, the steel buckles on his shoes shone brightly, the long black cassock with its myriad buttons, the broad-brimmed plush hat, seemed cared for and well brushed. A little bit of Roman purple silk, showing at the top of the cassock below the collar, agreeably set off the thin, white, wrinkled face. I could not help thinking what a pleasing picture he would make against the green velvet cushions of an Adriatic first-class compartment, and, priest though he was, how much more natural it would have been for such a refined gentleman to be there. I wished that we were both there. Also, I wished to talk to him, but knew not how to begin.

Before we reached Pisa he neatly folded his paper and commenced to gaze out of the window in an upward direction as if he were concerned with the things of Heaven rather than the beauties of the landscape. His thoughts were pleasant evidently; a faint smile played about the lips, and the whole face reflected a good conscience and a sanctified interior. Death might come and welcome—that, too, the face seemed to convey. The pale, blue eyes, I saw, were milder and more beautiful than I had supposed; they spoke of the gentlest manner of clemency and illimitable loving-kindness. Yes, I really must get into conversation with him.

But there was no time, even if my unready tongue had found a suitable phrase, for he produced a big breviary and began to read in it earnestly, almost audibly, his lips moving the whole time. A pang of annoyance shot through me. I wanted more and more to talk to him. "You are reading that big book to impress me," I said to myself, for it is the layman's birth-right to suspect every ecclesiastic of

hypocrisy. "And you are moving your lips to impress me," I went on. "Only it doesn't. I should think more of you if you were less ostentatious." Charitable thoughts indeed, and how unjust I now know well enough. The Roman Church obliges her priests to read the Canonical Hours every day, and the priest may not read the Office to himself; if not actually said aloud, he is obliged at least to form every word with his lips, and that alone was the reason why the good man opposite me was moving his lips.

As the train lumbered into Lucca Station, the priest closed his book and crossed himself. Then he rose to leave us. From underneath the seat, willing hands preventing him, his bag was dragged forth, a real carpet bag with mauve roses on a black ground, and with a slight bow to me and a cheery *buona sera* and *buon viaggio* to the whole company, he alighted, and I saw him no more. Why did I not speak to him? If I had, what would his conversation have been like? If I had, I should have prevented him from the better entertainment of saying his Office. I went on musing about him for a while, but he passed out of my mind and thoughts altogether at the sight of the rich beauties of the Valley of the Nievole which the train had now entered.

* * * * *

I returned home from Pistoia a fortnight later, and on the afternoon of the same day noticed an unusual stir in front of the cathedral in the big piazza. The lintel of the main entrance was draped with black silver-fringed hangings. A continual stream of people of all classes was passing in and out of the cathedral. There was a hush upon them and a look of concern in every face. What could be the matter, I thought?

"What is the matter?" I asked of an old beggar-woman, who was seated on

the steps lustily beseeching the passing *buoni Cristiani* for alms.

"Do you not know, signore?" she replied. "The Canonico Pucci is dead!" A feeling groan escaped her lips.

"And who was the Canonico Pucci?" I inquired.

The woman looked at me in amazement. "You are a stranger, signore, or you are rich. Otherwise you would know. He was the friend of the poor, a saint, a man of great family, who stripped himself of everything for the poor. He was poorer than the poor, for all he looked such a great gentleman. We beggars took all we could get when he was rich, but for a long time we have hidden away when we saw him coming. He would give us his last *soldo*, and you dare not refuse—he was such a *gran signore*. But often he had not food to eat. He was a real saint, I tell you, and people have found it out now that he is dead. His body is lying in state in there. Go in and see; he looks such an angel, bless his dear face."

I dropped a coin into her hand and stood a while under the portico, listening to the conversation of animated groups.

"What nonsense, I tell you! He rich! Why, the Canons of the Duomo get but four hundred francs a year. They say there were but five *soldi* found in his room when he died."

"But he was of the family of the Counts Pucci of Prato, and he was a prelate of his Holiness."

"Maybe! But he was a prodigal, only he spent all his patrimony on the poor as you or I might do on pleasures. You couldn't trust him with money for himself. He had a hole in his hand, as the proverb says. He used to keep twenty families going out of the allowance his cousin the Count made him and when the Count found out what he was doing, he stopped it. As for being a prelate of his Holiness, that

brings you in no money. I tell you he was living on a franc and a half a day, and giving charity out of that!"

"But I have been in his comfortable sitting-room!" said another voice.

"Nonsense! That wasn't *his* sitting-room. He had but one room, a small bedroom with a little iron bedstead in it. The *padrona di casa* used to lend him her sitting-room to receive people in. He was very proud, was the Canonico Pucci. He loved to be poor, but not to seem poor. He was a very fine gentleman, the Canonico; look how neat and bright his clothes always were."

"Well, the truth is coming out now. There were many who thought him rich."

"The poor knew well enough he wasn't."

"Nonsense, I tell you! The sisters never paid him a half-penny for his services as chaplain to the Children's Hospital."

"The Sisters gave him a bit of carpet for his bedroom, but he sold it for the poor. The Mother Superior's just found it out."

"There'll be weeping and wailing among the children at the Spedallino to-day. They say he dearly loved the little ones."

"They say it was cancer he died of. And no one knew of it. He hadn't an armchair to sit in, or a bit of fire all through the winter. And he should have been having good nourishing food. But you couldn't do anything for him—even the Sisters couldn't."

"He's lived poor, but he'll have the funeral of a cardinal. All the confraternities are coming, they say, and all the Orders and the parochial committees."

"Well, his soul's in paradise, that's certain!"

My pulses stirred by this Hosanna of highest praise. I passed into the cathedral. What an immense stream

of people, to be sure! What excitement! What a number of poor and ragged creatures! They cannot keep silent. There is a hum of talk sounding irreverent in the sacred edifice but being in reality only a hymn of praise. At the far end of the cathedral I saw a tall, stately catafalque of black and gold, and underneath it, on a black-draped bier, an open coffin in which lay the body of an ecclesiastic. Six towering candlesticks with lighted candles stood round the catafalque. I neared it with difficulty, and then a pang gripped my heart and a mist came over my eyes. I might have guessed it surely from the disjointed talk I had heard a moment before. But I did not. It came as a surprise, a shock, and it left me with the heart-ache. There before me, clad in purple cassock and grey fur amice, the buckles on his shoes shining brightly in the flickering candle-light, a divinity doctor's biretta on his head, and a silver crucifix pressed in the thin hands clasped across his breast—there before me, lay in the calm sleep of death the old priest with whom I had travelled in a third-class carriage little more than a fortnight before! I could not stop to gaze long at the placid face, to wonder what words would have crossed the smiling lips had I spoken to him, to reproach myself for my hard thoughts of him; the constant stream carried me forcibly back to the door.

"There'll be a grand funeral to-night. Shall you go, Gianni?"

"Eh? Rather! And you?"

"Eh? I should think so!"

And so shall I, I resolved.

I got back to the cathedral at eight o'clock. There was no getting in for the crowds. But I could look in, and I saw that the bishop himself, in black cope and plain white mitre, was officiating. The coffin, still on the bier, was closed now and covered with many garlands of flowers. There were wreaths,

too, hanging on the four posts of the catafalque. Voices were chanting the "Libera;" the whole of the vast crowd took it up:—

Libera me, Domine, de morte eterna in
die illa tremenda:
Dum veneris judicare saeculum per
ignem.

It seemed needless to pray for a soul that must surely be already in Paradise.

The procession began to form and the crowds poured out of the church. It was a wonderful procession. Children of several orphanages, Sisters of several Orders, the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul from the Spedalingo, with their big starched white caps; Brothers of the Archconfraternity of the Misericordia, in black linen gowns and black masks, Brothers of the Purification, with their broad white collars, all the parish confraternities, representatives of many Orders in their habits—Franciscans, Capuchins, Dominicans, Crutched Friars, Augustinian Friars, Barnabites and Vallombrosans from the monastery on the hill; a long file of the secular clergy, the bishop and full chapter of canons, and, closing the procession, the state hearse of the Misericordia Brothers smothered in a profusion of flowers. Every man and woman in the long array carried a flaming torch. Behind the hearse there walked a multitude of the Canon's best friends—the blind, the maimed, the halt, the ragged and tattered, the scum and off-scourings of the city, struggling for precedence. From the crowd which followed and the crowds which lined the streets there surged an uncomfortable sound of sobbing which rose to loud-voiced, heart-piercing lamentations as the procession defiled through the poorer quarters of the town. I followed to the city gates, where the procession broke up. All the streets of the city were animated with the returning

crowds, and the Hosanna of praise continued to swell on every side. It had indeed been an imposing demonstration, and all for a man who had never written a book or made a speech or done a single public act, who the day before had been unknown to half the city, whose fame was not of his seeking but the creation of the poor, whose only claim to public honors was that

Temple Bar.

he had been beloved of the poor and had lived like one of them.

Blessed indeed is the holy land of Tuscany, where the love of poverty and its unostentatious practice is still a claim to public distinction, and where a simple love of the poor and an un-failing charity towards them is title sufficient to all the pomp and glory of a hero's funeral!

Montgomery Carmichael.

AT SAINT HELENA.*

What dreams allured the Imagination of the great prisoner of Saint Helena upon the rock to which he was consigned by the panic fears of Europe's demoralized sovereigns? By what spasms of helpless wrath were his days tormented and eventually shortened? What hopes haunted his brain? In what reflections did he indulge, and what sort of judgments did he pass upon men and things,—on the history which he had turned topsy-turvy and the human drama wherein he had played so colossal a part? What memories, what images, what mirages did he see shaping themselves out of the mists that enveloped his isle? What words of reproach or pity, what promises of vast renown, what mysterious voices did he hear in the roar of the waves? For twenty-five years now we have been asking questions like these of anybody and everybody who might by chance have caught some of the sighs of that long agony. The narratives of the Emperor's companions, Las Casas, Monthonon, O'Meara; those of attendants, like Stürmer, Balmain and Montcheau, those of a number of his officers and keepers have one after another been given to the world, until

now there are no more to come, and still our curiosity is not satisfied. The latest publication of all, the *Journal of Gourgard*,¹ will lose none of its interest through the abundance of previous documents. It comes at a moment when the figure of the first Napoleon is imposing itself on the Imagination as never before, and claiming, with tyrannous insistence, a larger share in the studies of the historian and the moralist. We have speaking proof of this in the almost simultaneous appearance of M. Nenery Noursaye's "Waterloo," M. Chuquet's "Toulon," and the "Josephine" of M. Frédéric Marson. The fact is that we have just reached the point from which the man and his work are first seen in all their enormity. Never, perhaps, has mankind witnessed so close and so astonishing a union, in one individual, of imaginative, initiative and executive power. Napoleon stimulated so wonderfully the energies of all about him, he moved men's minds so profoundly, he required of our old world so many efforts and sacrifices, which he rewarded by so signal an increase of glory; he has left the mark of his genius so

* Translated for The Living Age.

¹ General Baron Gourgard *Journal inédit de 1815 à 1818*. 2 vol. Paris, Flammarion.

indelibly impressed upon our national life, that, after having by turns extolled and anathematized, we feel absolutely forced to make a strenuous effort to comprehend him. The Journal of Gourgang will help us to do so. It consists of notes jotted down from day to day, utterly without order, arrangement, care for literary form, or design of publication. The most important conversations were set down in brief as soon as they had taken place; the most trivial details of every-day existence were reported with equal assiduity. We are thus admitted into the very heart of the Saint Helena life, and made acquainted with the Emperor's inmost thought.

In the first place, these notes cast a glaring light upon the person of the man who dashed them off, hurriedly, feverishly, sometimes furiously. Gourgang was the youngest of Napoleon's companions in captivity; one of his bravest officers, one who had rendered him immense personal service. He was the first person inside the Kremlin, and destroyed with his own hands the mine which was intended to blow up the whole imperial staff. At Brienne he shot a Cossack who had all but slain the Emperor. But it is best to let Gourgang himself enumerate Gourgang's titles to gratitude,—which he does with remarkable exactitude of memory in the course of a conversation with Bertrand. "I have been with the Emperor nine years, and I should have been only too happy to die for him in Russia, Saxony or France. I have been three times wounded: twice at his side while executing his commands. I unearthed three hundred thousand weight of powder at Moscow, and I swam the Beresina. It was on the strength of information furnished by me that the Emperor marched upon Dresden with the greater part of his army: and if he had not done so Dresden would have been lost. I had the Golden Cross for

that; and I am far, M. le Maréchal, from desiring to reproach the Emperor with the services I rendered him at Brienne on the 29th of January, 1814. Anybody, in my place, would have done as much; but it is none the less true that if I had not opportunely drawn my pistol upon a Cossack the Emperor would have gotten a terrible lance-thrust in his loins. At Lutzen my horse was shot under me, and rolled over at his Majesty's feet. At Laon I was named in the despatches. At Rheims I forced an entrance into the town. It was I who seized Troyes on the retreat. I stayed with the Emperor at Fontainebleau, when everybody else had abandoned him. He sent me to Paris twice. You saw me at Waterloo; I was the bearer of a letter to the Prince Regent."

Selected by the Emperor to accompany him to Saint Helena, Gourgang did not hesitate for a moment; but he found that the form of devotion there demanded of him differed essentially from the services which devolve upon a gallant general. Intrepid upon the battlefield, he was less abundantly endowed with the qualities which make for peace in every-day life. Moody, suspicious, even rancorous, he had that sort of jealous passion for the Emperor which tolerates no rival; and every man who approached the Emperor seemed a rival to him, and every rival an enemy. Hence quarrels and recriminations without end, and an insensate violence of language. He really suffers; he is very unhappy; and resignation is not in his line. Sometimes he sulks in silence, stands upon his dignity, and puts on tragic airs; then he bursts out into reproaches, makes a terrible scene, recapitulates his services, recounts his wounds, recalls that everlasting pistol-shot at Brienne,—and makes a parade of all his sacrifices. He is thirty-two years old; he has thrown up his career, compromised his future, abandoned his mother, his country, his profession,—

and all for what? Does anybody thank him? It appears to him that the truth is never to be spoken to sovereigns in this world, and that there is no such thing as success for any but plotters and flatterers. Why, even Las Casas is treated better than he; and who, pray, is Las Casas? A cowardly, hypocritical fellow, who has done nothing but blunder! He is a Jesuit with his mysterious airs! a perfect Tartuffe! As for Montholon, Gourgand will have it out with him, and actually provokes him to a duel. The Emperor has to intervene and forbid the affair in writing.

This was the last straw. The Emperor, who was not particularly patient himself, and whose patience had certainly been abused, lost his temper, and treated Gourgand like a brigand and an assassin; then repented, apologized, and begged that his expressions might be forgotten. It was high time that so tempestuous an intimacy should end, and that a sentiment of devotion so liable to revolt should be relieved of an intolerable strain. Gourgand quitted Saint Helena after a three-year's residence, and his departure gave rise to the most fantastic rumors. It was said that Napoleon had urged him to commit suicide, in order that Europe might be moved to pity by the sufferings of the exiles. Gourgand's journal would refute this ridiculous charge, if it did not refute itself. It was also claimed that the differences between Gourgand and his companions were a mere comedy gotten up expressly to put the English on a wrong scent, and enable Gourgand to fulfil a secret mission in Europe. That some sort of reconciliation was patched up between Gourgand and Montholon, and that advantage was taken of the departure of the former to charge him with various missions, appears altogether natural and probable; but the true cause of his going was that it was impossible for

him to stay. He was the man for great days and decisive hours: one of those heroic servants who are quite lost and uncomfortable when there is no call for their heroism. He was one of those terrible friends who may be counted on with equal certainty to save your life, and to make it insupportable.

We thus get a stronger light than ever before on what must have been one of the Emperor's worst miseries, and one resulting directly from the presence of his companions. There were a half-dozen Frenchmen who had come expressly to soften the bitterness of exile to their fallen master, and neither the beauty of the part assigned them nor the greatness of the misfortune which they had undertaken to assuage could lift them above mean jealousy and petty rivalries. In that court, which was a prison, there were still Courtiers. They watched one another just as narrowly; they fought for a look of the Prince as fiercely as they would have done in any court. Moreover, they had neither the resource of intrigue, nor the amusement of splendid pageants, nor the perspectives of ambition. Their horizon was bounded, their glance perpetually turned inward upon themselves, and they were restive under the necessity which confined them to the society of one another. The long days were all exactly alike, and the problem was what to do and how to while away the hours until bedtime. A walk, a dinner in the town, a review of English troops, meeting a lady on horseback: such things were important events; a few letters, fewer visits, and, now and then, a belated European newspaper, bringing fragmentary, inexact, untrustworthy news. Their pastimes were those of small bourgeois, and tragedy was their favorite reading. They tried tricks at cards; they measured their height on the door-panels; they talked of getting weighed; they were horribly bored.

Ennui, sadness and spite are words that occur on almost every page of the journal. They serve as punctuation marks. In such an atmosphere tempers deteriorate, differences are emphasized, quarrels protracted, and discussion soon becomes bitter. The hatefulness of the life makes the victims hate one another.

"The Montholons are in raptures because Las Casas is going. I am dining with Montholon and his wife, who are very sour because the Emperor has been working with me. Mme. Bertrand said to me: 'If you keep a journal you had better set down some of Mme. Montholon's nasty speeches. The spiteful creature said yesterday that my milk was bad and my baby growing thin.' The Emperor paid a visit to Mme. Bertrand, which made Mme. Montholon so jealous that he had to promise to go and see her the next day. What an end! To grow old amid such petty squabbles after having held the destinies of the world in his hands!"

Whenever Gourgand allows the Emperor to speak, his text at once becomes luminous. Recent events are naturally those of which Napoleon most inclines to talk. Again and again he recurs to the incidents of his return from Elba. The first stages of his journey were anything but encouraging. Then the children began to sing songs for the Emperor, and against the Bourbons, which was considered a good sign. The people who flocked to see him showed their astonishment. "One Mayor, commenting on the small number of my followers, said grumblingly: 'We were just beginning to feel happy and comfortable, and now you are going to spoil it all.' I cannot tell you how these words disturbed and distressed me." And what an important avowal is this to have fallen from the lips of the vanquished, concerning the loss of the battle of Waterloo!

"The rain of June 17th had more to

do with the loss of the day at Waterloo than is commonly supposed. If I had not been so exhausted I should have ridden all night at the top of my speed." Little by little he begins to call up more distant memories. He fights his old battles over again, and passes judgment on his most celebrated victories and the troops with which he gained them. The soldiers of Italy, of Jena, of Austerlitz, he reviews them all once more. There passes once more before his mental vision a dream which never lost its fascination: his dream of conquering the Orient. "If I had only taken Acre,—and it all depended upon three miserable ships which did not venture to trim sails,—I should have gone to India. My intention was to assume the turban at Aleppo. My popularity would have carried me through, and I should have found myself at the head of a noble army of two hundred thousand allies. All the Orient needs is a man." He dashes off with a few clever touches the portraits of all the principal actors in the Revolutionary drama: terrorists, members of the convention, members of the directory:—"Barras, a Provençal of good birth, made his reputation on the strength of his lungs. He had only two or three phrases, which he perpetually repeated, but they came like thunder-claps. He boasted and swaggered, and had the manners of a fencing-master. He indulged in shameless dissipation and pilfered openly. Yet he was the only member of the Directory who could appear like a gentleman, and knew how to receive an embassy and conduct a negotiation. He was as false as possible, and would press the hands of men whom he would have liked to stab. He was excessively ignorant, and knew nothing of history except the name of Brutus, which he had heard bandied about the Conventional Assembly" . . . "Talleyrand made money out of everything. He had no thought, save for

his private interest. The project which might be useful to the state but could not profit himself, was at once set aside."

Concerning his predecessors on the throne of France, the Emperor cherished some very peculiar ideas. His views were, to say the least of it, one-sided and extravagant. . . "Henry IV. never did anything greater than to give fifteen hundred francs to his mistresses. Saint Louis was an idiot. Louis XIV. was the only King of France worthy the name." . . . He judges, and frequently dispatches with one word, his lieutenants and companions in arms; Kléber, who loved glory only as a means of pleasure, and who would change color at the mere mention of Paris and its delights; Moreau, who was exactly capable of commanding a single division; Massena, very brave personally, but a bad general: Ney, who was a treasure on the battlefield, but a creature too coarsely immoral ever to succeed elsewhere. He discusses, in a tone of authority all his own, the campaigns of Condé, Luxembourg, and the great Frédéric. He pays homage to the genius of Turenne, whom he considers a consummate warrior. And finally, though we may not be able quite to follow him through the technical explanations in which Gourgand revels, we can at least appreciate the great importance of some of his dicta concerning the art of war. We are at least constrained to believe him, when he offers his own case as an illustration of the truth that military skill is much more a matter of divination than of experience:—"I have fought sixty great battles, and I give you my word that I know no more now than I did when I began. Look at Cæsar! He fought his first battle exactly as he fought his last." According to Napoleon, firmness and common sense are the chief qualities of a good general, which would lead one to believe that though men

may have different aims, they succeed always by the same methods.

"The one thing needful to a general is firmness. All else is as Heaven pleases. The art of war does not consist in complicated manœuvres. The simpler a general's disposition of his forces, the better. Good sense is the great thing. When a general blunders, it is usually because he tries to be too clever." Now if Napoleon takes to himself no more than half the credit for his victories, maintaining that it is the army which wins the day, and that the strength of an army lies in its moral stamina, his testimony is far too precious to be disregarded.

Certain of the Emperor's personal characteristics come out clearly in the course of these conversations. His power of physical resistance, of enduring fatigue, for example, is truly wonderful. He says and repeats that whenever he felt ill, or exhausted by labor, he had but to take a smart ride on horseback, and a hearty meal, and he was cured. What killed him at Saint Helena was chiefly the want of exercise. During the first weeks he did take horseback exercise, but after the English governor had ordained that he must be escorted by an English soldier, he considered it inconsistent with his dignity to appear in public at all; and shut himself up in that wretched house at Longwood, where he never left his bedchamber save to snatch a hasty meal in the dining-room. Confined to these two rooms and deprived of motion in the open air, his health soon began to decline. He had trouble in his legs, his liver, his heart. It was easy to see that he must soon succumb, and that his end would be delayed only by the strength of his constitution. But his intellectual activity and his power of work were undiminished, and his memory was something amazing. He knew the names of all his officers, just where their regiments were recruited,

the spirit which animated each half of a brigade. He was exceedingly proud, vain even, of this prodigious memory; and not being the man to use such a power for purposes of mere amusement, he found his account in it, and made it an instrument of authority and a means of success. He was remarkable for the lucidity of his ideas and the regularity of his mental processes. His powers of organization and classification were almost miraculous. "I used," he says, "to be able to discuss a question for eight hours at a stretch, and at the end of that time take up another, with a mind just as fresh as when I began." He had the rudeness, the coarse language, brutal fashions and trivial pleasantries which belong to the soldier of fortune. But, on the other hand, he had also his friendly and familiar moments; winning modes of address, great personal charm. "Hudson Lowe says I am the most crafty man he ever knew; and I certainly can put on an innocent little air when I want to wind any one round my finger." The Emperor had wound much greater personages round his finger than Hudson Lowe. The trouble was that, in him, he had to deal with a man of a narrow cantankerous mind, who was very nearly reduced to idiocy by the weight of the responsibility laid upon him. But how few of those whom he really cared to please were ever able to resist him! In his most furious outbursts he preserved so much self-control that even when he was angriest one never quite knew whether his transports were involuntary or calculated. His attitude was histrionic. He had an instinct for the telling phrase; a constant eye to effect. "The Emperor thinks it will have a *good effect* for him to receive no one. It will look sombre and sinister. . . The food being very bad, the Emperor says that he will go to the English camp and say to the soldiers: 'The oldest soldier in Eu-

rope desires to share your mess.'" He is a tragedian always, even in the closest privacy; though to be sure his was a privacy upon which the eyes of the world were fastened. He continued, as in his proclamations to the army of Italy, and in his later bulletins, to employ the sort of terse phraseology suitable to a monumental inscription. He perfectly understood the mysterious influence of words over men; and he comprehended the power of imagination for the reason that the gift which great poets and great conquerors have in common was his own dominant faculty. It was never idle—that great imagination of his—but kept on, as of old, constructing plans of campaign, arranging the strategy of battles, planning alliances, devising schemes of government. For as the Emperor reviews his career his mistakes become clear to him. He knows that they have been many and great, and his keenness in discerning is only equalled by his candor in avowing them. The Spanish war, the Austrian marriage, the Russian campaign, the convocation of the Chambers—these, and a host of trivial errors and futile manoeuvres haunt him perpetually. Now, supposing these blunders had not been committed; that he had lost less time at Moscow; that the order sent to Grouchy had arrived in season! Every one of these hypotheses opens a vast field for ideal combinations. Fancy is quickened, and it is not one campaign merely, but his entire reign and the history of Europe for twenty years that Napoleon goes on to reconstruct. The imagination which had previously wrought in the future, inasmuch that he seemed always to be living two years in advance of his time, now busies itself with the past. But it is the self-same imagination, owning the same richness, the same precision, the same creative power.

It rarely happens that one who has

used the human race to any great extent retains a high respect for it; and the power of the greatest managers of men comes in part from their contempt for the stuff they have to manipulate. Such is the case with Napoleon. "He does not rightly appreciate the real attachment of his followers. He takes account only of outward manifestations; and once when I undertook to show him that he acted as though all men were cheats, his answer was: 'I am not bound to think well of them. I defy anybody to catch me napping. Men must be scoundrels indeed if they are any worse than I think them.'" I imagine he was thinking of the Fouchés and the Talleyrands, the courtiers, diplomatists and sovereigns, who were his friends one day and combined against him the next; or maybe of the mob of generals and other officers, always ready to rally to the stronger side, without regard to the character of him who chanced to wield the power. He forgot the people. He always forgot the enthusiasm and devotion of the humble; the sacrifices made, and the blood shed for him. Hence his favorite political maxims: Men are not won by gratitude, but by self-interest; nor will benefits keep them loyal. They simply serve to gild their treason in advance. The best way is to seduce them by promises, and lure them on by expectation. "Promise and not perform; that is the way to get on in this world." Napoleon was a hearty despiiser of men, and what he thought of women all the world knows. "I consider it ridiculous that a man can have but one legitimate wife. Women are much too highly considered in France. They ought never to be regarded as the equals of men, being in fact only machines for producing children." When a man talks of women in this way, make no mistake! He is destined to be their dupe; and the example of Napoleon shows it,—after an imperial fashion. Setting aside

the adventures in which he engaged for some definite purpose, or for the gratification of the moment, it may be affirmed that few men have been more simple, more sincere, more faithful in love than he. He can recall, after a lapse of twenty years, the most trivial circumstances which attended the beginning of his romantic passion for Josephine. After the 13th Vendémiaire, he caused the sword of Gen. Beauharnais, who had been guillotined, to be returned to his widow. "The next day Mme. de Beauharnais left her card on me, and a few days later she came again. I then sent Le Marrois to call upon her, and he was very well received. He brought me back word that she was an extremely beautiful and attractive woman, living in her own hotel. I then sent her my card, and soon after she invited me to dinner. I found myself among persons well known in society: the Duc de Nivernois, Mme. Tallien, Elleveion; I think that Talma also was present. She treated me with the utmost consideration, and rather annoyed me by placing me beside herself." Trite and insignificant details, but steeped in undying poetry because associated with the awakening of a tender sentiment! The poor officer is fascinated by the elegance of the woman of the world; dazzled by the splendor of a more than dubious luxury. It is the romance of an imperial Grief, and a crowned Manon. Even then, after the divorce, after Josephine's own death, Napoleon could not talk of her otherwise than as lovers talk. She dressed so well! Her movements were so graceful! She would have been such a perfect model! He knew that she had deceived him, involved him in debt, lied to him, but he bore her no grudge. She was a woman, essentially a woman; and he loved her because he found in her an epitome of that feminine perversity in which the men of all ages have delighted to find themselves

voluptuously ensnared. There is no reason why we should be more severe with Josephine than her husband was. We find it much more difficult to be as indulgent as he toward the soft, sensuous, selfish Marie-Louise. After it became certain that she had deserted him, he took up, and steadfastly maintained, even in his last will and testament, the attitude of an apologist for the mother of his son. He attributed all her treachery to external influence.

"Marie-Louise," he declares, "was innocence itself. She was the reverse of Josephine; she never lied. She loved me, and would have liked to be always near me. If she had been well advised and had not had always about her that wretched Corvisart and that infamous rascal M . . . , she would have stayed by me. But they told her that her aunt had been guillotined, and circumstances were too strong for her. And then her own father had attached that contemptible Neipperg to her suite!" Is this illusion, or is it policy? Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion. We have Cæsar's word for it.

As a child of the eighteenth century, Napoleon was, of course, both a materialist and an atheist. He expresses himself about nature, the soul, God, a future life and religion generally with a cynicism which is quite shocking to the orthodox Gourmand. He reiterates in twenty different ways the expression of his belief that matter is all; and he finds himself confirmed in this persuasion by Monge, Laplace, Berthollet, and the whole atheistical Institute. He sees proof of it in the dismal sights of all the battlefields, where men pass so swiftly from animation to annihilation. Like the stag, like the ox, like all the lower animals, man is composed of organic matter. He is a product of the combination of sun-warmed clay, with certain electrical fluids. Man is the result of a certain temperature in the surrounding atmosphere. This is why,

if it were necessary to adore any God, Napoleon would choose the sun, though well aware that this would not be religion. This habitual materialism of his is quite compatible with all manner of superstitious beliefs. For example, he believes in presentiments. "The eye is a mean term between the hand and the presentiment. The hand says to the eye, 'Now can you see anything two leagues off, when I can only reach two feet?' The eye says to the presentiment, 'How can you see into the future when I cannot see beyond two leagues?'"

"His Majesty told us that on the day of the fire at the Schwartzenberg ball he was struck by the idea that it was a bad omen for him. 'And you know, Gourmand,' he added, 'that when they told me, on the day after the battle of Dresden, that Schwartzenberg was killed, I was enchanted. It was not that I desired the poor man's death, but my spirits rose distinctly when I perceived that that unfortunate conflagration had presaged misfortune for him and not for me.'" This faith in presentiments was accompanied by a strong belief in the Antique Nemesis. We must not ask too much of Fortune. Napoleon had done so, and this was the Fatality which lost him Waterloo.

Fatality, Fortune, Chance:—he sincerely believes that they govern all the affairs of the world. This conviction underlies his whole conception of history and his formal political opinions. It was his grand mistake. He is the theorist of the accidental. He lays it down as a principle that great events depend upon slight causes. If an ordnance officer had not blundered, the battle of Waterloo would have been won. If Louis XVI. had had a good Prime Minister, the Revolution would have been averted. And was there, really, any Revolution at all? "I have my own views," remarked the Emperor, "concerning that matter. I think

there was no real Revolution, and that the men of 1789 were the same as those of the reign of Louis XIV. It was the Queen and the ministers who went astray and adopted unfortunate measures. We French are no such unprincipled villains as foreigners imagine, but they must follow the fashion. The man who was a convinced Bonapartist yesterday is a convinced royalist to-day, and will be a convinced republican to-morrow." Great changes of historic scene are therefore dependent on the will of individuals. The inspirations or blunders of the principal actor decide everything. This conception of the unlimited rôle of the individual in history explains how it was that Napoleon undertook his work, and it also explains the remarkable fragility of that ill-founded structure. What if the Emperor had better profited by the blunders of Wellington? What if he had crushed Blücher?—he would have gained but a two weeks' respite! What stopped his advance upon the plains of Belgium was not merely the coalition of all modern Europe. He was confronted by a whole historic past. He had dared an unequal conflict with that mysterious adversary who was fore-ordained to bring about the inevitable *dénouement*. The individual, however great, even though he be Napoleon, cannot hurl himself with impunity against the collective might of the nations and the ages.

Such was the mighty lesson brought home by degrees to the prisoner of Saint Helena in his lonely meditations. Here is the clue to his meaning in certain phrases which appeared to escape him involuntarily, and which would otherwise be quite incomprehensible, "History will hardly speak of me . . . I shall be soon forgotten. The historians will have very little to say about me." We must not take these words too literally. He who uttered them understood men too thoroughly; he knew too

well how they adore brilliancy and noise, really to have expected that the echo of so many conflicts and the glare of so many triumphs would pass away like those rivers which disappear in the sand. Let us not degrade his latest anxieties into a mere vulgar craving for celebrity. In spite of the famous anathema,—

"Rien d'humain ne battait sous ton épaisse armure."

this great man was a very man; his egotism passed all narrow bounds; he communed, in his last hours, with the nation which he had identified with himself and the human race which had accorded him such enormous credit. He caught glimpses of that higher order of glory, which lives not in the splendor of any single name, but in the survival of a thought which has become blent with the common and anonymous life of a people. "The men are not truly great," he said, "who leave no institutions behind them. If I had been killed by a cannon-ball from the Kremlin, I should have been as great as Cæsar or Charlemagne, because then my institutions and my dynasty would have lived on in France; whereas now I shall be next to nothing." But the more he reflected, the more it seemed to him that the title to immortality, which he had not secured by success, he might win through the anguish of his last trial. One by one he renounced the chimeras of a return to Europe, an escape to America,—a possible repetition of his old adventures. In the spirit of the artist who loves his work better than himself, he embraced the sufferings which were to be its final consecration. "They have crowned me with thorns, as they did Jesus Christ . . . but the religion of Christ would never have survived till now without the crown of thorns and the crucifixion."

He lived long enough to see with his

own eyes the beginning of his cult. The cruelty of England, the apathy of Europe, the stupid malice of Hudson-Lowe, all helped unwittingly to establish it. What the sun of Austerlitz could not do, the fogs of Saint Helena were destined to accomplish. It is a

part of the mystery of that far-off isle that thence there should have ascended into the heaven of legend a mythical hero leading Latin chivalry to the assault of the North, amid the blare of Gallic trumpets.

René Doumic.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

KHARTOUM.

By the old Egyptian river, on the shore
Is a white-walled city built by men of yore:

There, amid the desert sands, like a monument it stands,
With a bloodstain on its memory evermore.

There's a palace roof in Khartoum, where at bay
Chafed a hero, as he gnawed his heart away:

Where he heard the jackal cry, and saw armies in the
sky:

"Come they then, at last, the rescuers? Is it they?"

Oh, that morning as the light began to grow,
When the cruel East all crimson was aglow;

When with shout and shot and flame like a hurricane they
came,

The innumerable spearmen of the foe!

Oh, that evening shout of triumph ten years on,
When the bloody field a deeper crimson shone!

When, amid the Dervish dead, 'twas an English soldier said,
"Such our vengeance for the hero that is gone."

And yet nobler shout of triumph and more sweet,
When, the peaceful river rolling at our feet,

The last fetter of the slave shall lie broken at his grave,
And the day of Gordon's vengeance be complete!

So we move on, now in gladness, now in gloom,
And a hero oft is greatest in his doom;

And to Englishmen for ever shall that old Egyptian river,
Be the glory still of Gordon, and his tomb.

The Spectator.

A. G. B.

LA RIVE GAUCHE.

Boxes of books line either side of the Seine, and stooping figures hover about them: but the Rive Droite and the Rive Gauche have little in common. The first is blasé, or it is bourgeois. It does nothing, or it bawls at the Bourse. It is prematurely old, or it totters on a stick. It is pale, and must use rouge. It has tasted every joy; strained every nerve; exhausted every sense. Youth possesses the other side. Blithe figures caper about. Upon this Jeunesse, Notre Dame casts her shadow; the dome of the Panthéon rises proudly above it. Faces are fresh, voices gay: no one mumbles about his liver, or is conscious of having one. Dissipations, too, are different. Theatres stop glittering before you have crossed the bridge; the Noctambules and Muse, artistic cabarets, begin. No one pulls on white gloves. No one sits in a stall before a ballet. Toasts and blessings are delivered in the Café Harcourt, mad measures performed at Bullier's: Paul and Pierre, wild lights of the Latin quarter, rejoice. Both love to clothe themselves in corduroys, and wear ties and capes that fly. Both are given to dancing down the street, arm-in-arm, linked to Gaston and Georges, an amazing row. Both prefer song to study, books to books, pipes to pens, and night to day.

Some trials, nevertheless, torment the Latin Quarter: four of them, quarterly events, when landlords come out. They arrive at mid-day; and find Paul in bed. He is polite. He is pale. He is sorry, and—forth comes his plea, harrowing but simple, full of promise, of infinite hope, prepared overnight. It is cursed and refuted; it grows in melancholy. It soothes; it moves; a final vow: it wins! Touched by this mercy, Paul

immediately starts a hoard. He lays a foundation sou. He tells his friends. He is proud of his thrift. For days he nurses his store, but no sooner is it one franc old than he covets, and falls. He confesses his crime to Gaston, and Gaston grins, and shows him nine sous, and says he has had them as many months, and secretes them again before Paul can see that they are Argentine and English, worthless and worn. Or Paul buys an account book. He carries it with him. He forgets its existence. He is surprised to find it a week later, and fills it in a night with card scores and character sketches. Next quarter Paul's circumstances require a change of landlords; he is seen "moving." A seedy man with a seedier truck takes his goods: pathetic rubbish, wanting in varnish and legs, a crazy wreck. It is escorted through the streets by Paul and friends. Passing students salute the cortège. Sad song is chanted over it. In a side street, at a poor little wine-shop, it stops, and Paul and friends toast and christen and cheer it. A modest room near the Seine is its new home, conveniently close to Père Pognon's. His meals are popular in the Latin Quarter; with a bottle of wine, one franc. Wonderful stews and the queerest curries appear twice a week; Paul and Pierre proclaim them *épatant*. Both have a slate that records their week's eatings. Every Saturday they give the sleeveless *garçon* half a franc. A rival establishment stands next door, emblazoned *Crémérie*, hung with portraits and sketches left by needy painters in exchange for a steak. Other treasures are held in pawn; poems, the first act of a tremendous tragedy intended for the Odéon, a pair of bursting boxing-gloves, a meerschaum pipe. On

a grander scale is the *diner des Princes*, equipped with thinner glasses, napkins, and a table-cloth. This feast costs one franc fifty, and includes a variety of dishes, far from plain, steeped in sauces, magnificently named. Each has its surprises. None are natural. You meet amazing trifles wherever you stab; even your beef has been tampered with.

Other feasts occur from time to time, royally conducted at the Harcourt. Feasts in honor of an inheritance, or of a triumph, or, grandest event of all, in honor of a departure. Gaston was the last to give one: Gaston *ætat*. 25, summoned home to Rouen to commence his professional career. He calls meetings. He concocts menus. He consults wine lists. The Quarter starts hoards that do not dissolve prematurely, and makes Gaston gifts. He accepts them with emotion. He feels very sad. He issues invitations to supper, at which every guest's arm must be bound with crape. Of all ceremonies this is the saddest. By it you bury your youth, your past, and your follies. You are old when it is over. It is the last mad moment of your career. Memories haunt the room in which you sup. It has heard you sing; it has felt you dance. What grim change has come over you! How transformed it is! Festoons of flowers have given place to cords of crape. The mirror is draped with it; the chandelier shrouded in it. Knots and bows are about, all black. Gaston enters, thick in crape. The mourners follow, armed with crape. And waiters appear, with bows of crape. Every mustard-pot wears mourning, every menu a black rosette. There are sombre threads round every spoon and fork. Soup is served from a vessel grimly adorned. Bottles arrive; alas! their slender necks bear further symbols of Gaston's fleeting youth. No one has much to say. Laughs are faint; jokes rare. Each

new dish is clothed in crape. As the bottles circulate, Paul revives. He wins the first laugh; he begins to smile. He calls Gaston *mon vieux*, meaningly: and Gaston sighs. Bold voices refer to Rouen as a place in which no one cares. Its cafés are dim; its people glum. More bottles appear; alas! their once golden stems have gone black: they are labelled *Carte Noir*. Coffee comes, and liquors. Every one whispers, watches, waits. And Paul, drawing on a pair of black gloves, rises, calls for silence, proposes the first toast. A tribute to old age is his topic, coupled with the name of the venerable form who sits at the top of the table. Gaston, he says, your eye is dim, your frame feeble, your voice weak: you will rejoice no more. Rouen claims you; carefully clothed and combed, you will practise law, take a wife, and conduct a home. Alas! poor Gaston, we, the jeunesse of the Latin Quarter, lament your transition to bourgeois spheres, grieve over the putting-away of your corduroys, and pray you leave them and your tie behind you as relics of your brilliant youth, now dead. Think of us, Gaston, as your fire burns and your respectable clock ticks, as you lay your head on your pillow at the worthy hour of ten: pray for us, Gaston, and we will pray for you. . . . Slowly the old one replies, with emotion. He thanks the Jeunesse, he envies the Jeunesse, of whom he is now doyen. He will scatter his raiment among them; each shall have his share. He mourns his youth: spent, he admits, wildly, but free of stains and scars. Looking back on the five years he has spent in the Latin Quarter, he remembers no mean or dishonorable action committed by either his friends or himself, and he is proud of this and thankful for it, and thinks that principles and honor have more home with the Jeunesse of the Rive Gauche than with the rakes and bourgeois of the other side.

He drinks to this Jeunesse, to the Quarter, to the Sorbonne, the Harcourt, and Notre Dame. Every one rises for the toast, drinks it in silence. And slowly the students pass by Gaston one by one, a long line, and wring his hand and say something affectionate in a husky voice, then collect their hats and coats, and go out into the night, noisy again, an amazing row.

Dawn breaks over the Latin Quarter, and policemen yawn. "*Ce sont les étudiants,*" they growl when voices ring out. Good-hearted bourgeois are disturbed: "*la jeunesse qui s'amuse,*" they say. And the students dance on. Down the Boul' Mich' they go, to sip hot coffee at Madame Bertrand's, open

all night. She serves it herself, a motherly soul. She lectures Paul if he reels from bock; reproves Pierre for being out if he has an examination to undergo. When they have gossiped themselves hoarse, she tells them to seek their homes. And the students dance out. Arms join again, legs go on, stopping only on the bridge. Notre Dame, great and gray, stands to the right of this Jeunesse, and it is to her that Paul and Pierre and Gaston lift their hats, to her towers, over which a cloudy sky is breaking. Hat in hand, they linger, dishevelled dreamers. Gaston sighs; every one sighs. Gaston takes a last look at the towers he loves. And the students dance home.

The Saturday Review.

THE WARNINGS.

I was milking in the meadow when I heard the Banshee
keening;
Sweet slept the little birds of May—the young lambs on the
lea;
Upon the crag of Slievenamon the round, gold moon was lean-
ing,
She parted from the hillside as the Banshee keened for me.

I was weaving by the window when I heard the death-watch
beating,
The silence started tingling like the wind within a tree;
High and fair through cloud and air the silver moon was
fleeing,
But the night began to darken as the death-watch beat for
me.

I was sleepless on my pillow when I heard the dead man
calling,
The dead man who lies drowned at the bottom of the sea;
Westward away through gloom and gray I saw the dim moon
falling.
Now I must rise and go to him, the dead who cries on me.

The Speaker.

Alice Furlong.

IRONY

"Bolingbroke was a holy man,"—that, says Dr. Johnson, is an example of irony. For once the great man nodded, since this bald statement, though it sets forth one of the Doctor's many hatreds, is a very foolish specimen of its class. Irony, in brief, is a subtler trick than the mere writing of good for bad; it is an artifice of style, the expression of a temperament, the deliberate and delicate masking of a plain meaning. But it is not, and has never been, a common interchange of opposite words. For instance, you cannot call Artemus Ward a master of irony when he flashes the red flag in your face: "This is writ sarcastick."

To frame a definition of irony is almost impossible, since the figure has been so variously employed. A hinted concealment of the truth, either from the personages of a drama, or from the drama's audience, is essential, and this concealment permits us to attribute the same quality to Swift and Sophocles alike. It is *Oedipus the King's* ignorance of impending doom, for example, which imparts an ironic character to the Sophoclean masterpiece. The audience knows, what the hero of the play knows not, that the King's honorable anxiety to discover the criminal who pollutes the State will recoil upon himself. Every speech of *Oedipus* has one meaning for him, another for the audience, and it is this contrast between the word and the sense that makes the irony of the situation. The Socratic irony, again, was different in kind; it was no ignorance of the past or future; it was rather a lack of knowledge assumed by the omniscient, that his opponents might the more easily be entrapped. But the same contrast is there; the Greek philosopher pretended to know nothing,

because he was at all points superior to the Sophists; and his smile was as ironic as the constant smile which played upon the face of Voltaire. So the irony of modern times is marked by a similar contrast. Words and sense are opposed, though with a different end and purpose. The enraged satirist states what is not in order that what is shall be more violently expressed. Black may be represented as grey, or even white, but the representation must be effected by the spirit as well as by the word. When Voltaire tells you that in the face of unexampled disaster all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, he is preaching a sermon against the folly of optimism. When Swift sets forth the reasons why the abolition of Christianity "may be attended with some inconveniences," the very frame work of the essay proves that in his view Christianity may never be abolished, and that the reasons given are one and all frivolous. But the perfect master of irony must never be untrue to his method. The inverted seriousness must be sustained unto the end. One word of direct information, a single hint of didacticism, will destroy the effect of what might have been a masterpiece. "*Candide*" itself would have perished had its author returned even for a breathing-space to the common earth. But he never returns until the last phrase, for he knew that the language of irony is a language apart, in which thought, to be understood, should be freely and consistently translated. Shifting our metaphor, we may say that to sustain irony is to change the terms of life's equation.

Who, then, are the masters of irony? Shakespeare, who knew all things, practised the artifice with the utmost

skill. While Sophocles is matched in "Othello" and "Macbeth" and the "Merchant of Venice," the Antony of "Julius Caesar" might rival Doctor Pangloss. (The passage wherein Portia declares, with the full consciousness of what is to come, "that there is no power in Venice can alter a decree established," and Shylock acclaims a "Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel," satisfies all the conditions of the art, as it was practised at Athens.) But Shakespeare, if he touched irony, as he touched all forms of humor, with the finger of genius, was not a professed master of it. He merely stooped from the height of a serene intelligence to sport with satire. And it is not with him that we associate this figure of flouts and jibes. Yet it is in England that the art has been followed with most conspicuous success. With a single exception—and that may be the greatest—the masterpieces of irony belong to our own literature. We have already mentioned "Candide," the miracle of wit in which word and sense are ever at variance; and if the ironic palm were to be awarded to one work, the award would not be doubtful. For nothing in the whole range of letters is so astonishing as the perfect consistency of Voltaire's satire. From beginning to end there is no note of hesitancy; the characters are wrapped in the very atmosphere of irony; they speak the same cunning language without flaw or failure; and you lay aside the book in the full consciousness that you have assisted at a unique display of legerdemain. "It seems to have been written in one sentence," said a critic; and with perfect truth he might have said *in two*. For the last phrase breaks the spell,—the immortal "*Il faut cultiver notre jardin*." All that precedes might truly appear in one sentence; this parting injunction is absolutely separate. It is written in perfect seriousness

and with no thought of an inverted meaning. "*Il faut cultiver notre jardin*"—with those words does Voltaire leave the satire he has sustained, and point the moral of his own irony. One work, however, does not make a literature, and against Voltaire's single masterpiece we may weigh the whole achievement of Swift. Now, Swift was born with irony in his blood. His temperament compelled him to approach truth by its opposite, and there is no one of his works which does not bear testimony alike to his supreme genius for the most difficult of literary artifices and his savage hatred for meanness and stupidity.

The irony of Swift and Voltaire is the irony of conviction; there is also an art of ironic presentation. When Fielding wrote the "History of Jonathan Wild," he had no need to preach so obvious a lesson as the sacredness of property, nor to encourage the crime of highway robbery. He was only concerned to paint the portrait of a great man and he chose the thief-catcher for his subject, in order doubly to dazzle the reader with an amazing contrast. Nor does he, any more than Voltaire, descend from his purpose. In his hands vice and virtue change places; folly of Heartfree is a perfect foil to the villainy of Jonathan Wild; while the one is incapable of wickedness, the other is superior to a good action; and so evenly is the balance held that the reader's mind is never befogged, and never for an instant misunderstands the author's ambition. In brief, the presentation of the hero, being ironic, is a pure triumph of the intelligence, which is concerned for the moment not with morals but with wit, not with the facts of life but with the delicate art of grotesque portraiture. And Fielding was not without distinguished rivals in his own field. De Quincey's "Murder as a Fine Art" may be set side by side with "Jonathan

Wild," while "Barry Lyndon" is sustained at the master's own level of passionless satire. Thackeray, maybe, but half understood the excellence of his own work, when he told his daughter not to read it. "You will not like it," he said; yet nothing is needed to the appreciation of Barry save the proper temperament. And this brings us to the hatred of irony professed by the most of men. For irony is, as we said last week in writing of Swift, the boomerang of literature, which returns upon him who wields it. Like the honorable cynicism, which often masks a tender sensibility, it presents a truth of conviction, or a truth of portraiture in an inverted guise. So, like cynicism, it is doomed to misunderstanding. Much has been written, for instance, of Mr. George Meredith's unpopularity. This novelist, you are told, has acquired the appreciation which was his due after thirty years of patience. And many reasons are assigned for the tardiness of the honor paid him. He is obscure, says one; he is fantastic, says another; yet we believe that he too has been misunderstood, because he has always aimed at

an ironic presentation. What are "Harry Richmond" and "Evan Harrington" save experiments in irony,—not consistent like "Candide," but interspersed with passages of true sensibility? What else is "The Egoist" than a portrait ironic as "Jonathan Wild?" This, then, is the secret of the world's neglect of Mr. Meredith. He, too, masks his meaning, or conceals from his characters their true villainy. Sir Willoughby Patterne, in brief, is perfection in his own eyes, and the casual reader does not easily endure the deliberate complacency of a personage whom he condemns.

From the irony of Sophocles to the irony of Mr. Meredith is a long journey, yet each is distinguished by the same purposed and purposeful contrast between the truth and the phrase. But irony is so profoundly a part of human nature, that we detect it in life as well as in letters. Where in literature could you better exemplify the irony of fate than in the spectacle of Disraeli, once despised, governing with an iron hand the aristocracy of England?

The Spectator.

THE LONELY OF HEART.

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
 The wind blows over the lonely of heart;
 And the lonely of heart are withered away,
 While the fairies dance in a place apart:
 Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
 Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
 For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
 Of a land where even the old are fair,
 And even the wise are merry of tongue;
 But I heard a reed of Coolaney say:
 "When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
 The lonely of heart shall wither away."

W. B. Yeats.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

JULY 1, 1899.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE FRAU PASTORIN.*

As the Frau Pastorin sat complacently stitching in the resplendent afterglow of the departing sun, she was a tonic for the weary soul to look upon. Time certainly had been a-nodding since she was young. Her cheeks were as rounded, as rosy, and as smooth as a baby's. The dimple in her chin came and went with the calm placidity of her thoughts. A white mull cap, adorned with broad lilac satin ribbons, sat lightly upon her ash-blond hair, parted Madonna fashion in the middle, from which it rippled behind her rosy ears into broad plaits, wound around the back of her head. A young girl may be beautiful by virtue of her grace, her youth, her vitality. The Frau Pastorin's beauty was the matronly queenliness of middle age, with the frolics of young girlhood still lurking in her dimples; the gayety of a heart which had never come into contact with anything unclean, and a purity of habit which shone on her brow and beamed from her well-opened gray eyes. The impression she made was that of immaculate purity. If ever in God's world there lived a being who practiced "cleanliness next to godliness," in the very spirit of the letter, it was the Frau Pastorin, not alone in her own personal habits, but in all her surroundings. Everything in the parsonage, from attic to cellar, smelled sweet

and shone resplendent with purity; and the Frau Pastorin's mind was as clean as her body. Filth, whether mental or physical, was abhorrent to her. She held that all vice had its stronghold in dirt. There would be no need of doctors or hospitals, if only every one would be clean. "We cannot all be princes in station or wealth," she was wont to say, "but every one may be a prince in cleanliness and behavior." When a beggar came to her door, she first gave him a piece of soap and a towel. When he had made lavish use of both at the yard pump, he got his fill of bread and meat and wine. If the women stood gossiping at their doors and the Frau Pastorin was spied coming down the street, they would make a hasty dash for their young, and immediately their howls of protest made music in the distance, as their faces were scrubbed and they were quickly hustled into clean pinafores. For the prevention of every ill flesh is heir to, the Frau Pastorin had but one universal remedy,—it was cleanliness.

The pleasing twilight was fast fading into dusk. The Frau Pastorin, mindful of her eyesight, folded up her work and put it into her large wicker work-basket. The broad window-sill was filled with myrtle, rosemary, and jasmine, and monthly roses. Since Fritz was grown up, and no longer in need of her motherly care, these flowers were the Frau Pastorin's children. Strong, sturdy, and healthy they were.

*From *A Tent of Grace*. By Adeline Cohnfeldt Leat. Copyright, 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, \$1.50.

perfuming the whole house with their fragrant blossoms. For miles around, the myrtle in the Frau Pastorin's window furnished the wedding crowns for the peasant maidens. It was considered to bring luck to the wearer. Everything that came from the parsonage savored of a benediction.

The Frau Pastorin plucked a leaf here and a leaf there, then looked out of the window into the gathering darkness. The Herr Pastor had slipped out, as was his wont, after drinking his afternoon coffee and eating his cake. He had lounged forth in his down-at-heel slippers and his "Schlafrock," with his shabby black velvet skull-cap, which he always wore in the house in cold weather, pushed back on his scant gray hairs. It was growing cold. He should have been home long ago in his warm, comfortable Stube, where a roaring fire leaped in the large Herrehuter stove, and the fine silver sand on the snow-white floor glistened like flecks of stray moonbeams. The Herr Pastor's chess-table, with the red and black chessmen, stood just as he had left it in front of the cushioned settle in the warm inglenook. Surely it was more inviting within than without. The Frau Pastorin wondered what could keep him.

As she continued to peer into the darkness, she saw him staggering along, bearing a heavy burden in his arms. Another rescued sheep, she thought, with commiseration. They often tumbled down from the hill where they were browsing into the stream below. Many a four-footed patient had the Herr Pastor nursed back to health and restored to its owner, a rich cattle-dealer in the village, who received back his property as a matter of course. This sheep must be terribly heavy, she thought. The Herr Pastor could hardly stagger along. She hastily called to Babbett, and flinging her shawl across her shoulders, went to

meet him. It was time. Unable to proceed further, panting, he had braced himself against a stout tree, for the houses were sparingly scattered. No one had seen him. Lights were lit and curtains drawn long ago. The villagers were at their Abenbrod-supper. Babbett came clattering behind her mistress in her wooden shoes.

"Help thy master," said the Frau Pastorin, quickly. "He has rescued another sheep, and the weight is more than he can bear."

Babbett gave an amazed cry. "'Tis a two-legged one this time," she said; "the same as you and I, mistress."

The Herr Pastor held the child Jette in his arms. Alone and unassisted he had carried her from the woods. Her hair, matted with blood, had coiled itself like a cobra around his throat, Great streaks of blood smeared his face and hands. He motioned Babbett to take hold of the child's limbs. He was too exhausted to speak. The Frau Pastorin, greatly troubled, led the way to the back entrance into the kitchen. They laid the unconscious child on the wooden settle. The light from the lamp fell upon her battered face, closed eyes, and bruised limbs.

"Holy Jesus," cried Babbett, "'tis Jette, the Jewish skin girl."

The Frau Pastorin sickened with horror. "Is—Is she dead?" she faltered.

"She may be saved, I think, if something is done for her, and quickly," said the Herr Pastor; "the village youth fell upon her and maltreated her. As you see her now I found her in the woods. They were beating her to death. I could not leave her there alone, and there was no one to help me. So I carried her home the best way I could."

While he spoke, the Frau Pastorin had been busy tearing up strips of fine old linen. Babbett placed a soft sponge, some towels, and a pot of ointment on the kitchen table, taking care

first to spread papers over its immaculate surface. Then she lugged in a big tub. She knew as well as if her mistress had spoken what would be the first preliminary. The huge copper boiler stood on the stove, filled to the brim with hot water. It was always there, summer and winter, ready for use at a moment's notice.

The Frau Pastorin took down a large pair of shears. "Papachen," she said cheerfully, "do thou go and change thy

linen and clothing. Thou art sadly in need of it, I assure thee. Go to the cupboard and refresh thyself. *This* sheep thou must leave to me."

The Herr Pastor was tall and gaunt, with something of a stoop in his angular shoulders. He bent down to kiss his wife on the forehead. Usually he kissed her on the lips. But in his present state he knew she would not have liked it. He went, and left the two women to their task.

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.*

Beyond all question it is to the interest of America and the Americans that the British should expand in Africa. As a colonizing power, England stands supreme; and she should be encouraged in the acquisition of African territory, to which she is entitled by the right of her ability properly to utilize and justly to govern. The European powers are bitter in their denunciation of the British in their greed for dominion, and in their methods of acquiring possessions, although similar methods are usually approved by them when put into execution by other nations than the English. For my own part, I do not see that one European power has any less of an itching for territorial dependencies than another; nor do I see that one is more scrupulous than another in its mode of obtaining new domains. England is brought into prominence by the fact that she is securing the more valuable portions of the globe, thus causing consternation and jealousy among her rivals. Every part of Africa is certain to come under the control of one or another of the European states, hence, before con-

demning England's policy of expansion, we should consider what flag will yield the greatest good to mankind. With British rule in Africa come equal privileges and justice to men of every nationality. The Portuguese are antagonistic to all except those of their own blood, a characteristic which is also true of the French, the Belgians, the Boers, and the Germans. Furthermore, we should inquire what the nations are doing to develop the resources of their African possessions. With the exception of England, practically nothing! Although the French have no surplus population with which to colonize, they first open their gold-fields to Frenchmen only. Germany's rich mineral and agricultural territory in the neighborhood of the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika is lying fallow for the want of a railway from the coast, the building of which was opposed in the German Parliament on the ground that it would not pay dividends. The Portuguese have practically nothing to show for their four hundred years of African occupation, except the record of the facts that great wealth was taken from the country, and that their territories drifted again into the hands of savages.

*From *On the South African Frontier*. By William Harvey Brown. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

On the other hand, we find England and the English expending millions in the opening and developing of new territories, and that with small hope of immediate returns from investments. With the advance of General Kitchen-er's army in Lower Egypt, a railway has been pushed forward which will soon reach Khartoum, while the British Parliament is building a road from the African east coast to Uganda. In Eastern Rhodesia the Mashonaland Railway is nearing Salisbury. November 4, 1897, saw the arrival of the Bechuanaland Railway at Buluwayo; and still more recently two million pounds sterling have been advanced in London for the purpose of its continuation northward to Lake Tanganyika. The Trans-Continental telegraph line is far beyond Blantyre, on its way "from Cape Town to Cairo," and the present indications are that the capital is certain soon to be guaranteed for the completion of the great trunk line of railway which will bind Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope. Thus are being created—actually with astonishing rapidity—the great instruments which will foster the innumerable smaller enterprises undertaken in the development of the rich regions in the interior.

In view of the active agencies which are thus at work, there can be no question as to future race supremacy in Africa. The Transvaal may or may not become *de facto* a British possession; but that the Anglo-Saxon will gain the supremacy there is inevitable. The spirit of commercial enterprise of which Mr. Rhodes is the living type, and which is sweeping from the south over the Dark Continent, is certain to revolutionize all the old conditions. The sturdy Dutch blood firmly established on African soil will serve as an important element for good in the development of that continent; but the English are rapidly outstripping the Boers, and the laws and customs of the

former will soon gain the ascendancy. Even the Dutch language which seems so tenaciously rooted in South Africa will, in all probability, lose its popularity with the newer and more enlightened generations, and eventually give way to the English tongue, except in secluded rural districts.

It is foreordained that the British are to wield a gigantic influence in the future development of Africa. The heroic fidelity with which the missionaries are working among the aborigines, ought to bring about the rapid advancement of the native tribes; but infinitely more potent than the noble philanthropy of the missionary, as a factor in moulding the future of races for good or for evil, is the active commercial spirit which now pervades the world. To this, and to the inevitable laws which impel a people of high intelligence to work for their self-preservation, must we trust for the future of both whites and blacks.

Since the North American Continent is narrowing as an outlet for the overcrowded countries of Europe, it is no idle dream to predict that with the attractions of climate, soil, and mineral wealth, and cheap and quick methods of transportation, the tide of migration will soon begin to flow to the Dark Continent, where a prominent part of the world's drama is likely to be enacted during the coming century. The native races may awaken from the lethargy in which they have been sleeping for more than five thousand years; but the transformation which civilization enforces will probably be too rapid for them, and before the new order of things they are more likely to vanish than to remain. Be the question of the future of the aborigines what it may, it will be as easy to check the flow of the Zambesi River as to change the course of those events which the spirit of the age is forcing forward, and which decrees that South and Central

Africa shall become a great English-speaking country. In the mature and rounded development of this new empire will be completed one step more toward the accomplishment of the des-

tiny for which Providence seems to have chosen the Anglo-Saxon race—the wielding of the balance of power for the world.

ALLAH DAD'S FAREWELL.*

Among the many hardships of the lot of the sepoy is the fact that he has no friends: unlike the European, the Indian makes no friends outside his home circle. His country fires him with no patriotism; but the "Sirkar's" steady pay and assured pension buy his blood for all the world over.

It is not very wonderful that the unselfish kindness of his English officers should often win them all the spare friendship the Indian soldier has to give. He knows that the rough and peremptory tone does not mean dislike; he appreciates the real kindness under it all. He has ceased to dread the ready "Damn!" when he knows that his sickbed is tended daily by the very men who so freely pitch into him on parade. Little does he heed this bluntness of speech when he knows that there is a ready ear into which he can pour the petty story of his home affairs. In general he looks to his Sahib as his father; and one word of cheerful greeting, a pat on the back to a recruit, a ready jest at his expense even, bind a sepoy more closely to him than the Englishman often knows. Curiously, too, the deepest reverence is paid to the sternest and hardest, provided he be just, as nearly every English public-school boy learns to be. I have seen old sepoys stand and salute a picture of a Sahib who commanded them thirty or

forty years ago. I have seen tears in their eyes, and heard the muttered prayer as they gazed on the picture of the leader they loved, though they will tell you that he was a "very hard Sahib." Few men in this world enjoy the sort of fame that the Iron Nicholson (Nikalsen Sahib) and the stern Macgregor enjoy to this day in the Panjabi villages. Every one knows the fame of "Laranz Sahib" (John Lawrence), the beloved god of the Panjabi. Let a just officer rule with iron, and be as iron in the field, and his men will storm hell and out on the far side at a nod from him.

Of all the fools in the regiment, Allah Dad was probably the densest. He simply could not understand anything. He had grasped his drill somehow in fifteen years' service, and was always indeed the picture of a clean and perfectly accoutred soldier; but there it ended. He was an excellent marksman, having learned how to shoot once; but he never learnt the incessant changes in the musketry regulations, and we always got him out of the way when the Inspecting D.A.A.G. for Musketry came round. He never did anything except exactly what he was told, and was therefore a regular nuisance when asked to do anything requiring brains, such as outpost duty. Many a time he was sworn at by Subadar and Wing Commander for his hopeless stupidity, and many the extra guard he got. His dull, camel-like face expressed

*From *On the Edge of the Empire*. By Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Beames. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

nothing, not even a sense of weariness or confusion. He took his punishment exactly as he did his orders. Once he told the Wing Commander, after a more than usually bad blunder, that he felt a little ill; and that very afternoon he was carried to the hospital with a fever that did not leave him for three months. He took his illness like everything else. He refused sick-leave, on the ground that he had no relations and that his wife and baby son had died six months before. It was this that had prostrated him; but he had never thought of telling any one of it. Mohammedans are averse from discussing their private affairs of that kind, and only in a few cases confide them to their English officers. The poor man had eaten his heart out in solitude in obedience to the etiquette of his religion. His only remark which had any savor of life in it was with reference to this very subject four years later. It had been a very long and tedious double march, and when the rear-guard came in, they had been fourteen hours on the road. Allah Dad limped in, carrying two rifles and a double set of accoutrements and allowance of rounds; the recruit to whom they belonged crawling along dead-beat behind him. On inquiry it appeared that he had refused to put the things on a baggage-cart because "There was no order to put on any more load;" also neither would he ride himself, nor let the recruit ride, because it was forbidden by regulations; nor would he himself go to the hospital dhoolies nor let the recruit go, because it was against the reputation of the regiment. "Surely," said the Colonel, "you must have known that your burden was too great for you, that it was never meant that you or any man should be so burdened."

"Perhaps it is so," replied Allah Dad: "but I am a Rajput; and it is the will of God that I bear the load of my stu-

pidity and of my own grief as well. Why, then, should I hesitate to bear the small burdens of the Sirkar besides?"

And not another word was to be got out of him. He threaded his blistered feet with worsted yarn, and the next daybreak saw him in the ranks as ready for duty as usual.

At last he got his discharge. In Biluchistan supplies are scanty, and in the outposts more scanty than at headquarters. For three months the garrison of Mogul Kot had been suffering for want of vegetables, and scurvy had broken out badly. Lime-juice was very little good; even the nauseous scurvy grass did little to check the disease, and the malignant fever of the land slew the scurvy-stricken daily. One day it was reported to the officer that Allah Dad was down with scurvy, and a bad case. A look at the blue and bleeding gums and ulcerated throat showed how bad. He had refused to go to hospital, saying that he felt fit enough for duty. But this day he was taken violently sick, and the officer saw that Allah Dad's end was come. Everything possible was done to save his life, for he was a favorite with his fellows as well as with his officers. For four days the officers' goat was devoted exclusively to the sick man's use, milk being all he could swallow, and he seemed reviving. He said nothing, but promised to get well in his usual solemn way. On the morning of the fifth day he sat up unaided, and sent for the Subadar and the English officer. In their presence he divided his little worldly goods among his comrades—three rupees due to him on pay-day, his Koran, his clothes, and such kit as had become his own property. To the officer he gave his signet-ring—a lead hoop with "Allah Dad" rudely cut on a flattened portion of it. Then he spoke clearly: "I have obtained release and peace from Allah. I am a fool; but I am a soldier

of the Great Queen and always faithful. I am dying. I have no foes. I am not afraid."

He lay back; there was a deep rattle in his breathing; and his face grew gray. Half an hour passed. Suddenly he raised his head a little and cried in a loud clear voice, "In the name of God! There is no God but God, and Moham-

med is the prophet of God! Salaam to the Great Queen!"

Another pause, and they held the cup of milk to his lips; but he turned his head away.

"Say Salaam to the Sahibs!" he murmured.

Then he fell back, and was not stupid any more.

SOME AMERICAN VERSES.

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.*

When I sit down with thee at last alone,
Shut out the wrangle of the clashing day,
The scrape of petty jars that fret and fray,
The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for a bone;
When thou and I sit down at last alone,
And through the dusk of rooms divinely gray
Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way,
As tone melts meeting in accordant tone,—
Oh, then our souls, far in the vast sky,
Look from a tower, too high for sound of strife
Or any violation of the town,
Where the great vacant winds of God go by,
And over the huge misshapen city of life
Love pours his silence and his moonlight down.

*From *Along the Trail*. By Richard Hovey.
Copyright, 1898, by Small, Maynard & Co.
Price, \$1.50.

FERTILITY.*

Clear water on smooth rock
Could give no foot-hold for a single flower,
Or slenderest shaft of grain:
The stone must crumble under storm and rain—
The forests crash beneath the whirlwind's power—
And broken boughs from many a tempest-shock,

*From *Hermione and Other Poems*. By Edward Rowland Sill. Copyright, 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

And fallen leaves of many a wintry hour,
 Must mingle in the mould,
 Before the harvest whitens on the plain,
 Bearing an hundred-fold.
 Patience, O weary heart!
 Let all thy sparkling hours depart,
 And all thy hopes be withered with the frost,
 And every effort tempest-tost—
 So, when all life's green leaves
 Are fallen, and mouldered underneath the sod,
 Thou shalt go not too lightly to thy God,
 But heavy with full sheaves.

FORGIVENESS LANE.*

Forgiveness Lane is old as youth—
 You cannot miss your way;
 'Tis hedged by flowering thorn forsooth,
 Where white doves fearless stray.

You must walk gently with your love—
 Frail blossoms dread your feet,
 And bloomy branches close above
 Make heaven near and sweet.

Some lovers fear the stile of pride
 And turn away in pain,
 But more have kissed where white doves hide,
 And blessed Forgiveness Lane.

*From *Within the Hedge*. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson. Copyright, 1890, by Doubleday & McClure Co.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A memoir of the late Duchess of Teck, based on her diaries and letters, is promised for this summer.

Readers of "David Harum," who number a good many thousand by this time, will be glad to hear that the author left the manuscript of another story, called "The Teller," which the Lippincotts will publish.

The announcement that Mr. Michael MacDonagh has undertaken a biography of Daniel O'Connell, will be received with more than ordinary interest. This work is certain to be done carefully and sympathetically.

The pathways of literature are thorny in Austria as well as in Germany. The well-known Austrian

novelist, Oscar Meding, better known as "Gregor Samarow," has been convicted of *lèse-majesté* for insulting the Austrian imperial family in a recent novel.

Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech, expressed his ideal of a perfect paper as "a well-arranged Times, without the leading articles."

Tolstoy's English agent complains bitterly because Tolstoy's latest novel has been freely edited and a good deal expurgated as published in America. In England, the novel was published just as it was written.

The "Etchingham Letters" have been published in London by Smith, Elder & Co., and are meeting with the cordial reception which their unusual quality deserves. Sir Frederick Pollock writes to the editor of *The Living Age* that Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish the American edition.

It must be with mingled emotions that the reading public learns that Victor Hugo's literary executor is editing a volume containing the poet's love-letters, which were written out in little notes and slipped into the hand of his betrothed, during visits when the lovers had no opportunity of private speech.

It has been recently stated, with great particularity, that Queen Natalie of Servia was engaged on a novel, for which her own melancholy experiences were to form the material. The story is happily contradicted. The royal lady has suffered much, but has no intention of turning her sufferings to literary account.

The old school grounds at Rugby have been adorned with a marble

statue of Thomas Hughes, whose "Tom Brown" has added so much renown to the famous school. The statue was unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury, once a head-master at Rugby.

Mr. Cy Warman has made the field of railroad fiction and description peculiarly his own; and his short stories have shown so much dramatic power that his novel of railroad life, "Snow on the Headlight," which the Appletons are about to publish, will be awaited with keen expectation.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson's "Woman and Economics" has reached a second edition, the value of which is enhanced by a full index of subjects. Small, Maynard & Co., who publish it, are issuing also Mrs. Stetson's story, "The Yellow Wall Paper," which was published as a magazine serial some time ago.

Richard Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street" (The Century Co.), from which the extract entitled "The Princess and Her Poor" in the last literary supplement, was taken, is attracting increasing attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Looked at as fiction or as keen social satire, it is almost equally attractive.

Mr. William Harvey Brown, from whose work "On the South African Frontier" a quotation is made on another page, went out to Africa as a naturalist connected with a United States expedition; and his volume is the fruit of eight years' residence there. He is about to return to make his home in Rhodesia.

There are certain disadvantages of a reputation for humor. Just as the Hon. Joseph Choate, American ambassador at the Court of St. James, was be-

ginning to establish himself in British society and diplomacy, a London publisher announced a volume irreverently called "Joe Choate's Jest Book." At the urgent solicitation of Mr. Choate the book was suppressed.

To the lengthening but not too long list of "bird books" Small, Maynard & Co. have made an addition in the form of a book called "On the Birds' Highway," written by Reginald Heber Howe, Jr. The "highway" is along the eastern coast from Maine to Maryland, at all points of which Mr. Howe has studied the birds with close and affectionate interest.

Beginning next October, *The Speaker* will enter on a new career as the organ of a group of young Oxford Liberals, among whom are Mr. Philip Comyns Carr, Mr. C. Trevelyan, and Mr. Belloc, the author of the striking volume on Danton, an extract from which was recently printed in this department. Sir Wemyss Reid, the present editor, is to retire from active journalism, but will retain a proprietary interest in *The Speaker*.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who owns the *Pall Mall Magazine*, used the June number of that periodical as the vehicle for an article on his great-grandfather, John Jacob Astor. The reader learns from this that, although the subject of the memoir was born in a peasant's cottage, he was of exalted lineage. The great-grandson's middle name perpetuates the name of the fortunate village in which the great-grandfather was born.

A new and thoroughly pleasing "Nature Study" volume, and one that will prove delightful summer reading for children, is Margaret Warner Morley's study of bee and flower life, which has the charm of a fairy tale, and merits its title, "The Bee People" (A. C.

McClurg & Co., publishers). The value of the book is decidedly enhanced by the illustrations, which are drawn by Miss Morley herself, and are not only truthful, but have a good decorative quality.

Since the birds have come to be regarded as so pre-eminently our fellow-creatures, it is only fitting that the very young people should have their own especial text books in bird lore as well as in botany. A delightful little book, with its appropriate share of colored plates, is Olive Thorne Miller's "The First Book of Birds" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers), which occupies itself with the manners and customs of bird life, and proves a guide of the most accurate and pleasing sort to older beginners as well as to the children for whom it was planned.

A successful attempt to provide scholars below the academic grade with a compact and yet comprehensive dictionary is the new abridgment of the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary, known as the Standard Intermediate-School Dictionary of the English Language. The definitions especially give evidence of remarkable common sense on the part of the editor, James C. Fernald, and are in themselves excellent examples of clear and forcible English, the simpler words being used whenever it is possible to do so without sacrificing brevity or exactness. As an aid to the gaining of a good English style the dictionary is valuable.

A volume of letters and verses of more than usual human interest is that entitled "Poems of Nature and Life," published by George H. Ellis, and edited by Francis E. Abbot, from material left by the late Dr. John Witt Randall. The letters are in themselves an earnest and at times touching expression of a strong per-

sonality, but the poems alone would merit collecting. They are woodland verses, and are of rare dignity, combined with musical charm. A special interest attaches to them from the fact that they were printed in a small collection a number of years ago, and were then appreciatively noticed by Bryant, who recognized a poet of a mood not unlike his own.

From the just-published *Life of William Morris* it appears that Mr. Morris was sounded by a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, with the Premier's knowledge, to see if he would accept the Laureateship in succession to Tennyson. Mr. Morris was pleased, but answered that the position was one which his principles and tastes alike made it impossible for him to accept. This information is surprising, but scarcely as much so as the fact that Mr. Morris suggested the Marquis of Lorne as laureate, his view being that the proper function of a Poet Laureate was that of a ceremonial writer of official verse, and that in this particular case the Marquis of Lorne was pointed out for the office.

It is announced that Mr. Lewis Melville has nearly ready a two-volume biography of Thackeray. What his qualifications for such an undertaking may be, and why he has felt authorized to violate the expressed wish of Thackeray in this venture, are questions which remain to be answered. The Academy tells us that he is not thirty years old, and that he has amassed such a quantity of information that he finds it hard to get it into two volumes. That may be, but probably most lovers of Thackeray would ask nothing better than that the publishers of the biographical edition of Thackeray's writings should gather into a single volume the biographical introductions written by Thackeray's daughter, which are

marked by reserve and delicate feeling and are delightfully illuminating.

The "old order changes" in *The Spectator*. Mr. Hutton's death removed the writer who had been most widely known in connection with that journal, and now Mr. Meredith Townsend, co-editor and co-proprietor with Mr. Hutton since 1861, is retiring to private life, after an active newspaper career of half a century. The paper will be hereafter in the hands of younger men, especially of Mr. St. Loe Strachey, who is, however, so familiar with its traditions, and so well grounded in its methods, that there is no reason for apprehending any startling changes in the journal which is, on the whole, the ablest, kindest and broadest of the London literary and political weekly papers.

If it is confusing when different books are published under the same title, as has happened once or twice during the last few months, it is confusion worse confounded when authors of the same name publish books simultaneously. There are, for example, two Robert Bridges now contributing to general literature, one of them an Englishman and the other an American. More remarkable still, there are two Winston Churchills who are writing fiction, and in this case also one is an Englishman and the other an American. Both have been journalists. The English Winston Churchill is a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. He is the author of a serial story now in course of publication in Macmillan's Magazine, and he has written a history of the Recovery of the Sudan, which is to be published in the fall. He is endowed with a middle name, Spencer, by the use of which he may distinguish himself from the American Winston Churchill, who is the author of "Richard Carvel."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Arm of the Lord, The. By Mrs. Comyns Carr. Duckworth & Co.
- Asiatic Studies, Religious and Social. By Sir Alfred C. Lyall, K. C. B., D. C. L. John Murray.
- Birds, The First Book of. By Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Buds and Stipules, On. By the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock. Kegan Paul.
- Century, Half a, Memories of. By the Rev. R. W. Hiley, D. D. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Curé of St. Philippe, The; a Story of French Canadian Politics. By Francis W. Gray. Digby, Long & Co.
- Dictionary, of the English Language, The Standard Intermediate School. Abridged from the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary, by James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.00.
- East, Light from the: Or, The Witness of the Monuments. By the Rev. C. J. Ball, M. A. Eyre & Spottiswoode.
- East, Near, Travels and Politics in the. By William Miller. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Factory System, The Effects of the. By Allen Clarke. Grant Richards.
- Field Floridus, The, and Other Poems. By Eugene Mason. Grant Richards.
- France, Old, An Idler In. By Tighe Hopkins. Hurst & Blackett.
- Goshen, The Land of, and the Exodus. By Major R. H. Brown, C. M. G. Edward Stanford.
- Hoëlgan Nights, The. Edited by Clarence Rook. Henry Holt & Co.
- Index, Cumulative, to a Selected List of Periodicals. Edited by the Public Library, Cleveland. The Holman-Taylor Co.
- India, Imperial Rule in. By Theodore Morison. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Individualist, The. By W. H. Mallock. Chapman & Hall.
- Ireland, A Literary History of. By Douglas Hyde, LL. D. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Jean D'Arras, From, to Rodin. By Rose G. Kingsley. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Literature, Bohemian, A History of. By Francis, Count Lüzow. W. Heinemann.
- Literature, Foreign, Studies in. By Virginia M. Crawford. Duckworth & Co., publishers.
- Modern Adam, The: Or, How Things are Done. By Arthur W. à Beckett. Hurst & Blackett.
- Philosophy, Vedanta. Lectures by the Swāmi Vivekānanda. Baker & Taylor Co. Price \$1.50.
- Poems of Nature and Life. By John Witt Randall. Edited by Francis Ellingwood Abbot. George H. Ellis.
- Possessions, Our New, Everything About. By Thomas J. Vivian and Ruel P. Smith. R. F. Fenno & Co. Price 60 cents.
- Pro-Consul, The Romance of a Great. By James Milne. Chatto & Windus.
- Pure Causeway, The. By Evelyn Harvey Roberts. Charles H. Kerr & Co. Price 50 cents.
- Rifle Man, A British. The Journals and Correspondence of Major George Simmons. Edited, with Introduction, by Lieut.-Colonel Willoughby Verner. A. & C. Black.
- South Africa, the History of the Republic in, Fifty Years of. By J. C. Voigt. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Students, Nature, Rambles with. By E. Brightwen. Religious Tract Society.
- Winchester College, A History of. By Arthur F. Leach, M. A., F. S. A. Duckworth & Co.

